

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN

COMICS

NOVEMBER  
No. 55

SAFETY  
COMIC  
SM  
11

HAWKA·A·A!

*Blackhawk*

Divides to Unite!

STILL  
60  
PAGES  
FOR  
10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

## "Let me show **YOU** too, HOW TO MAKE **YOURSELF** **COMMANDO** **-TOUGH**

inside and out... in double quick time  
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!"

says **George F. Jowett**  
whom experts call the  
**WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER**

Thousands of Jowett pupils are in the U. S. and British forces knocking tops and Nazis slap-happy with their swift, powerful bodies. Let me prove to YOU how in double quick time I can put inches of dynamic muscles on your arms! Add inches to your chest! Broaden your shoulders! And power-pack the rest of your body—so quickly it will amaze you! My methods can give you the untiring endurance of a panther. I have done it for thousands the world over. Give me a fighting chance to do it for you.

### BUILD A BODY YOU'LL BE PROUD OF

Send for These  
**FIVE Famous Courses**  
NOW in **BOOK FORM**  
**ONLY 25c EACH**  
or ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

### 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you! And don't forget—by sending the FREE GIFT COUPON at once you receive a FREE copy of the famous Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

**JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE**  
230 Fifth Ave., Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.



## Give me 10 Minutes a Day Learn My Time Tested Secrets of Strength

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be. MY TIME TESTED METHODS RE-BUILD YOU.

### PROVE TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 25c in full payment for my test course "Moulding A Mighty Arm." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that will surge through your muscles.

### READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



**A. PASSAMONT**, Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



**REX FERRIS**, Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett methods!" Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Courses!

## JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

# FREE!



### FREE GIFT COUPON!

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture  
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. Q-611 New York 1, N. Y.

George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send by return mail, prepaid, the courses checked below, for which I enclose ( ). Include FREE book of PHOTOS.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 courses for.....\$1   | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding Mighty Legs 25c    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Arm 25c   | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Grip 25c  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Back 25c  | <input type="checkbox"/> Moulding a Mighty Chest 25c |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1 plus postage.) No orders less than \$1 sent C.O.D. |  |

NAME.....AGE.....  
(Please Print Plainly. Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS.....



# BLACKHAWK

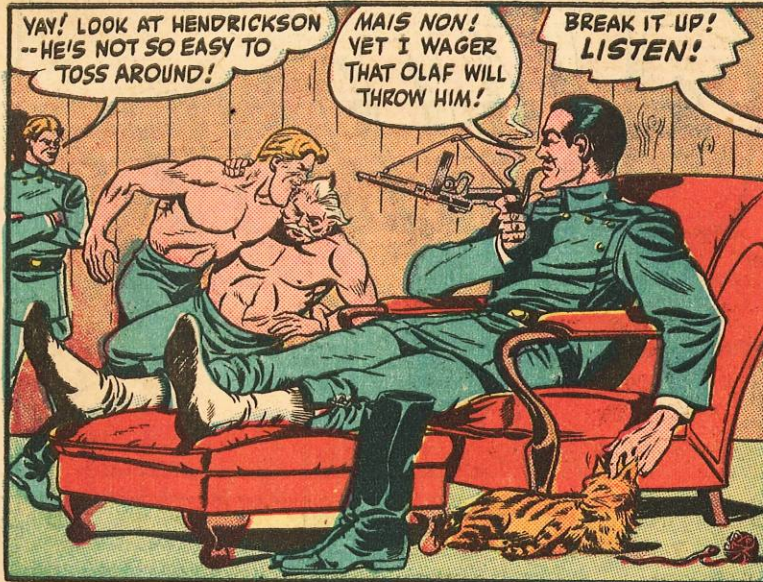


**BATTLE** is the daily bread of *The Blackhawks!*

Sometimes they **PREVENT** it instead of **STARTING** it...

as in the case of the heartless **SMUGGLER SYNDICATE** that almost drove two nations into a new and terrible war!





YAY! LOOK AT HENDRICKSON -- HE'S NOT SO EASY TO TOSS AROUND!

MAIS NON! YET I WAGER THAT OLAF WILL THROW HIM!

BREAK IT UP! LISTEN!



LISTEN TO THIS NEWSCAST CHOP-CHOP'S GETTING!

THE BORDER DISPUTE BETWEEN TACNA AND CARABAS HAS BECOME CRITICAL! BOTH GOVERNMENTS ARE READY TO SEVER DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS!...

The prime minister of Tacna confers with his commanding general....



BOTH ARMIES ARE MOBILIZED AND THE BORDER BETWEEN THE COUNTRIES IS CLOSED! THIS MAY BE THE FORERUNNER OF WAR!

AND A WAR THERE MIGHT SPREAD THROUGH THE WORLD AGAIN, ANDRE!..... WE'D BETTER SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!



I'VE MASSSED GUNS AND TANKS AT STRATEGIC POINTS, SIR! AND MY LINE OF SENTRIES COVERS OUR BANK OF THE RIVER THAT SEPARATES US FROM CARABAS!



The warrior king of Carabas also moves quickly....

I'M TAKING PERSONAL COMMAND OF OUR TROOPS STATIONED AT THE RIVER! IF THE TACNANS START TROUBLE, WE'LL FINISH IT!

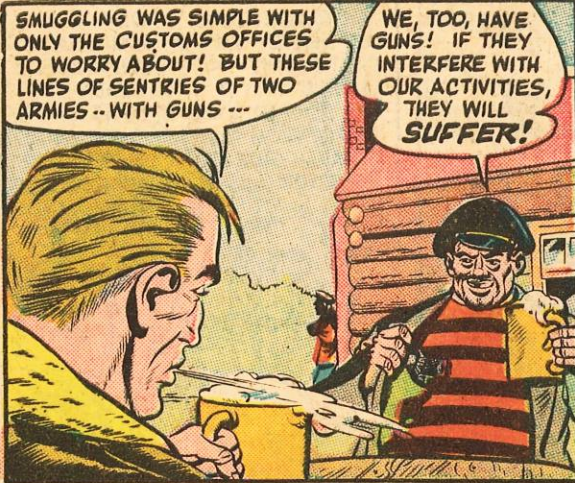


And yet another conference...

THIS BORDER BUSINESS IS EXACTLY WHAT OUR SMUGGLER SYNDICATE NEEDS, RUKZON! WE STAND TO MAKE A FORTUNE!

YES, IF WE CAN PLAY BOTH COUNTRIES AGAINST EACH OTHER, GULAM!

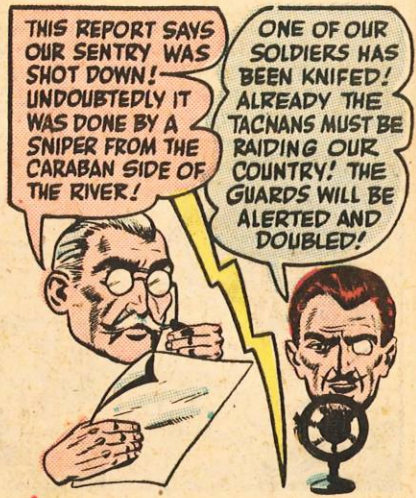








THIS TAKES CARE OF THE CARABAN! THE WAY IS OPEN! QUICK, BRING THE STUFF ASHORE AND REPORT TO OUR FRIENDS INLAND!



THIS REPORT SAYS OUR SENTRY WAS SHOT DOWN! UNDOUBTEDLY IT WAS DONE BY A SNIPER FROM THE CARABAN SIDE OF THE RIVER!

ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS HAS BEEN KNIFED! ALREADY THE TACNANS MUST BE RAIDING OUR COUNTRY! THE GUARDS WILL BE ALERTED AND DOUBLED!



But drawing near are *The Blackhawks*...

OLAF AND CHUCK COME WITH ME TO CARABAS! ANDRE, TAKE THE OTHERS TO TACNA AND PROCEED ACCORDING TO PLAN!

ROGAIR, BLACK HAWK!



AH, BLACKHAWK! A LESS HONORED VISITOR MIGHT BE MISTRUSTED JUST NOW -- BUT PERHAPS YOU CAN HELP US RESIST THIS OUTRAGE!

WILL YOU TELL ME MORE ABOUT IT, YOUR MAJESTY?



HERE IS ONE OF MY SOLDIERS, FOULY STABBED IN THE BACK -- BY TACNAN PROWLERS!

HMMM!



I'M WELL ACQUAINTED WITH STAB WOUNDS -- AND I'LL TAKE MY OATH THAT THIS WAS NOT DONE WITH A REGULATION MILITARY DAGGER!

PERHAPS NOT! WE MUST MAKE FURTHER INVESTIGATION!

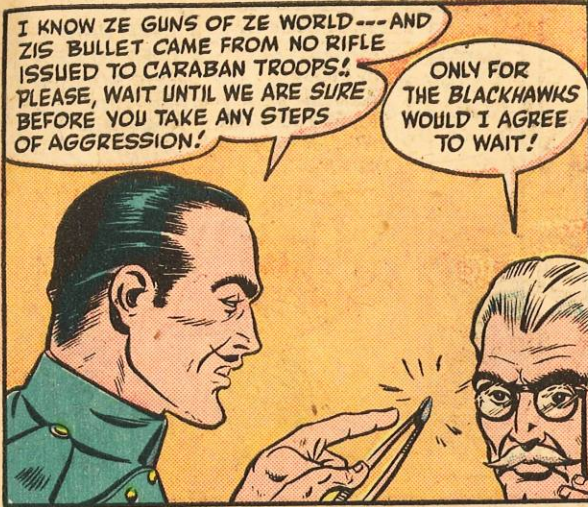


Across the river ..

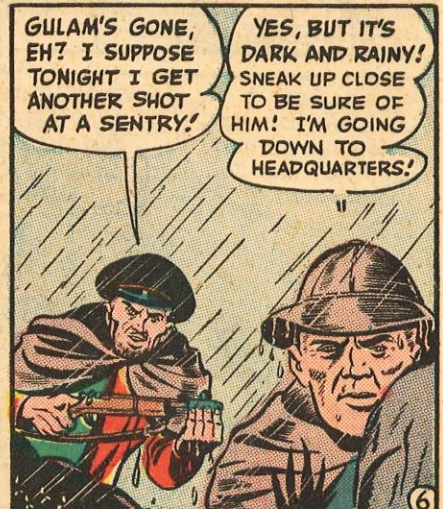
DO YOU DOUBT THE AGGRESSION OF CARABAS MONSIEUR ANDRE? THIS BULLET WAS TAKEN FROM OUR SENTRY, WHO WAS SNIPED FROM ACROSS THE RIVER!

MA FOI! A COWARDLY TRICK-- BUT ARE YOU SURE A CARABAN DID IT?

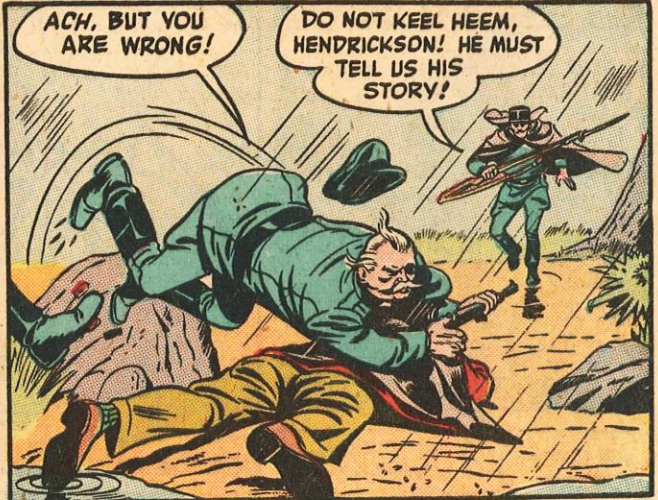
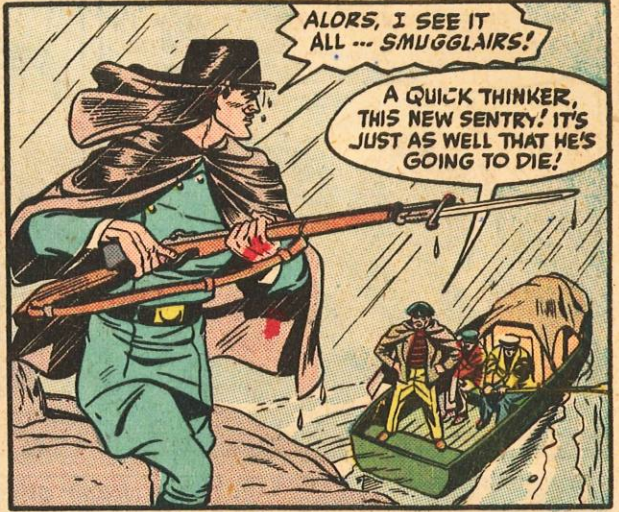
















INTO TROUBLE! DON'T MOVE, OR YOU'LL DIE!



I AM RUKZON... A MEMBER OF THE SMUGGLER SYNDICATE --- WE KILLED THE OTHER SENTRIES! NOW WE SHALL KILL YOU!



BETTER STILL! IF BLACKHAWKS DIE IN THIS BORDER INCIDENT, IT IS AN EVEN GREATER CAUSE FOR WAR!



BY NOW, GULAM SHOULD BE ACROSS THE RIVER!





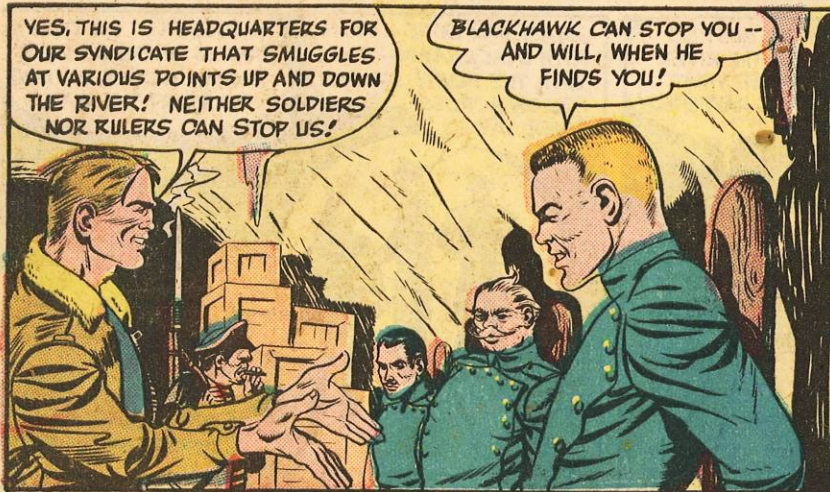
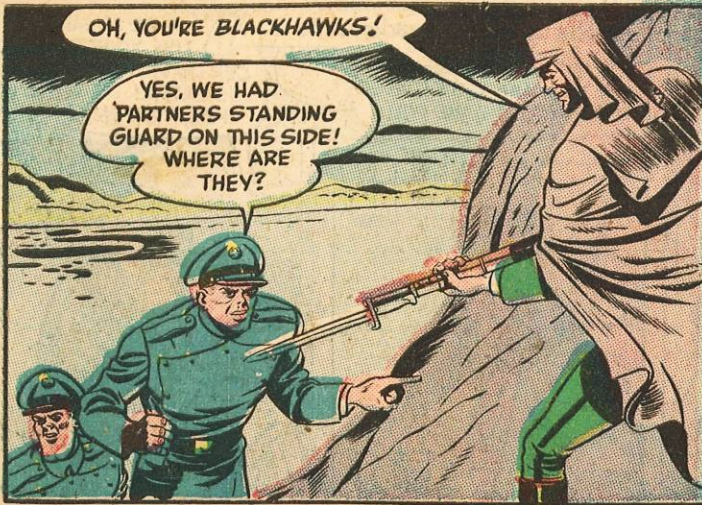












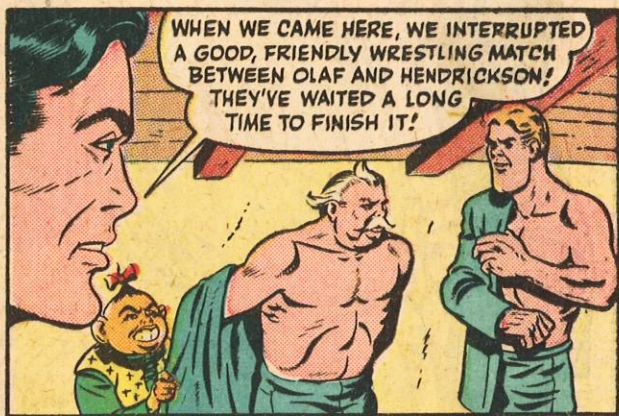






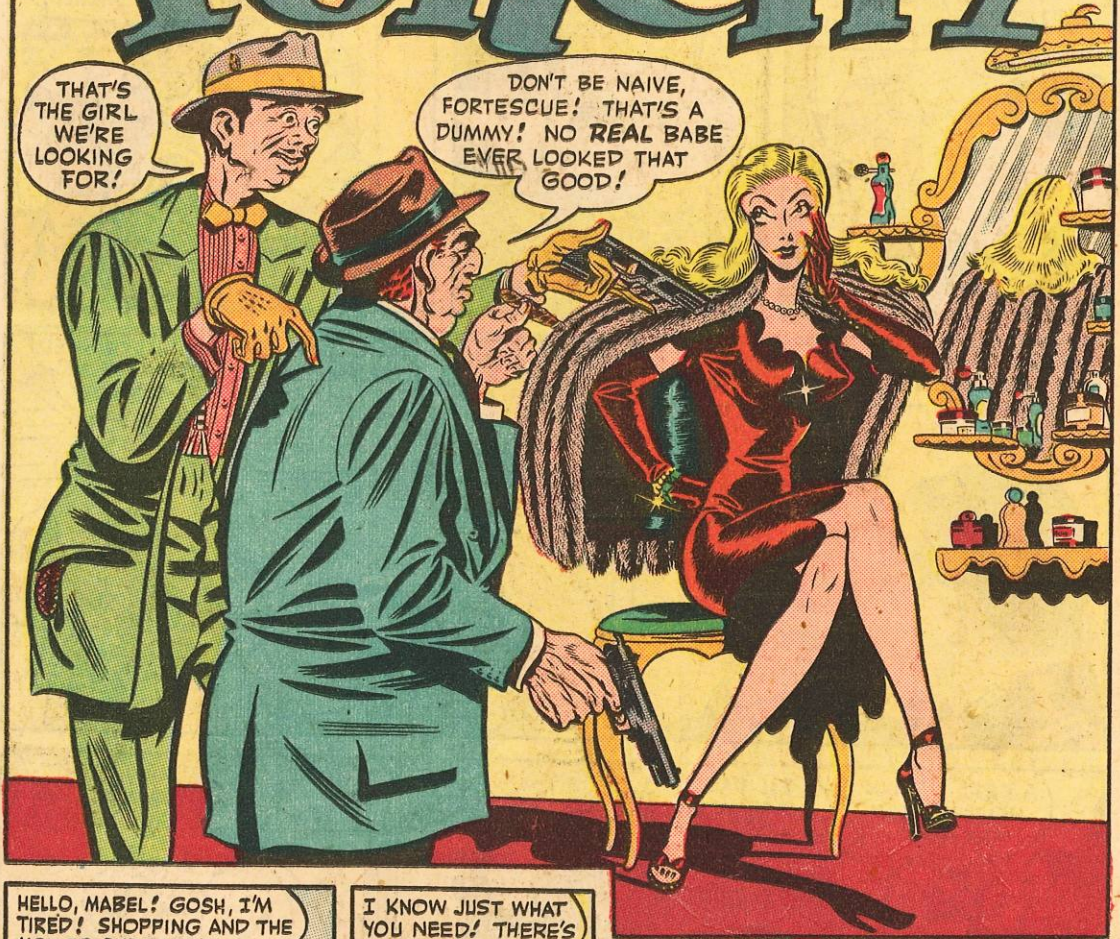




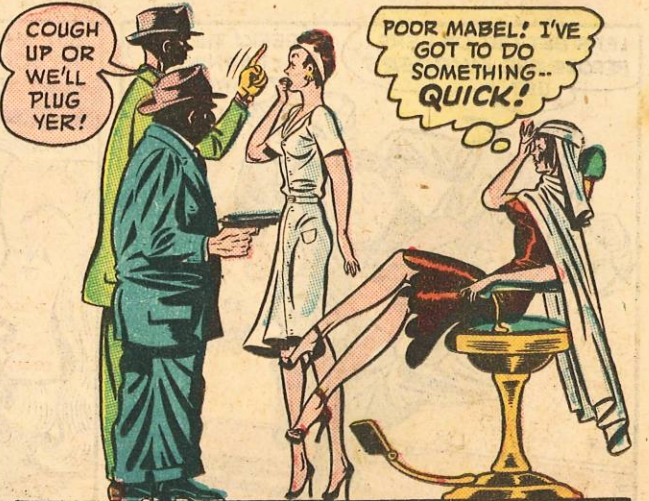




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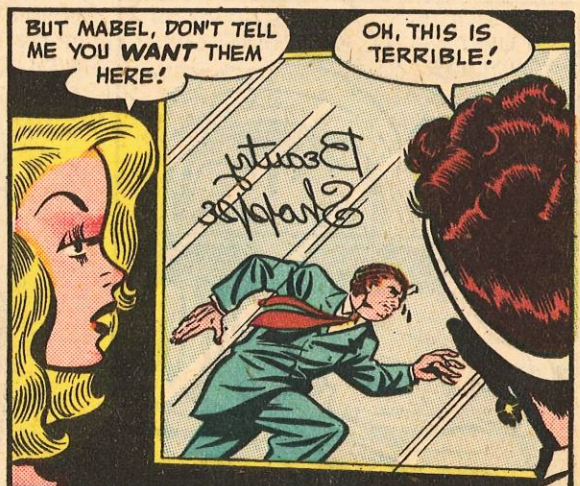
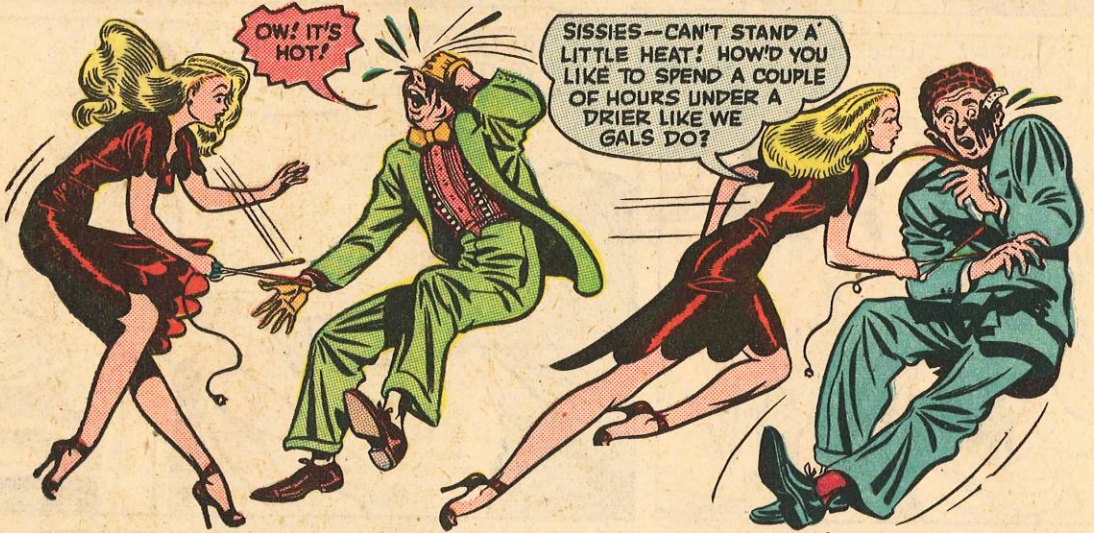
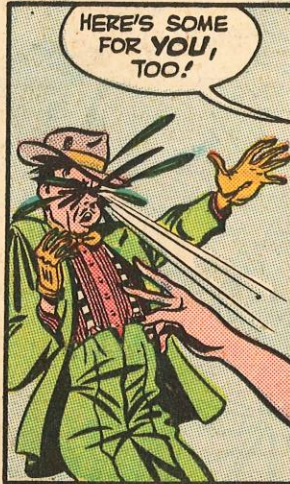




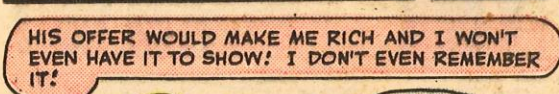




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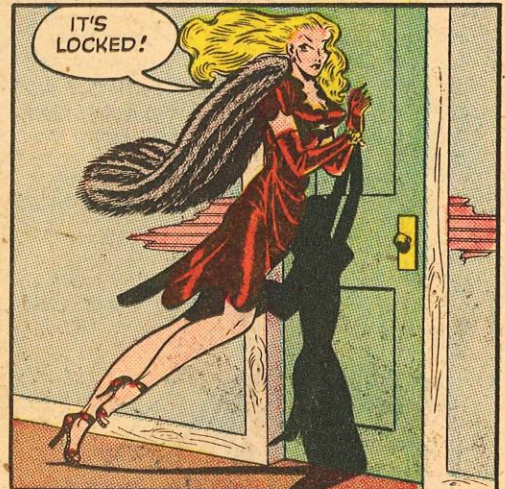
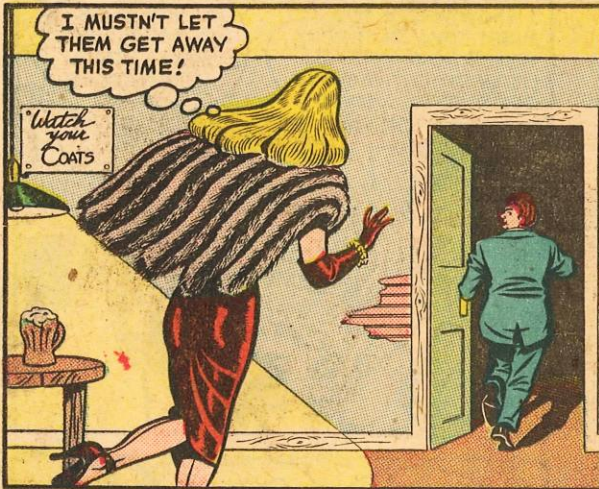
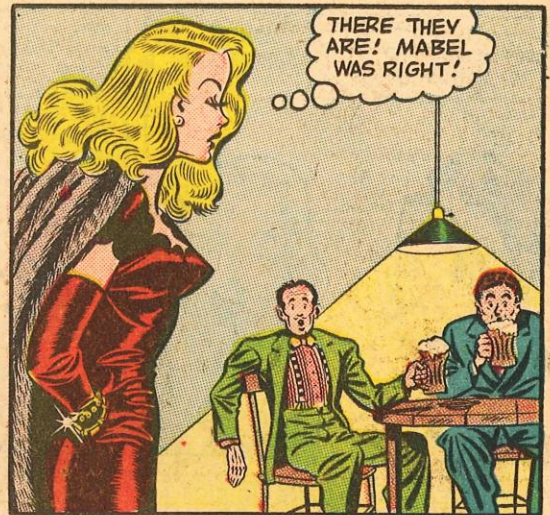




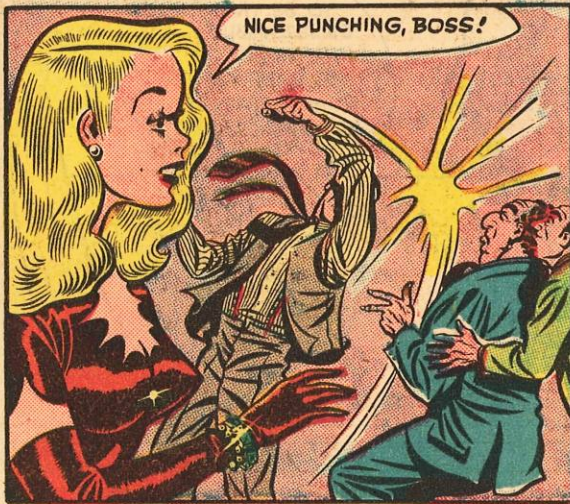
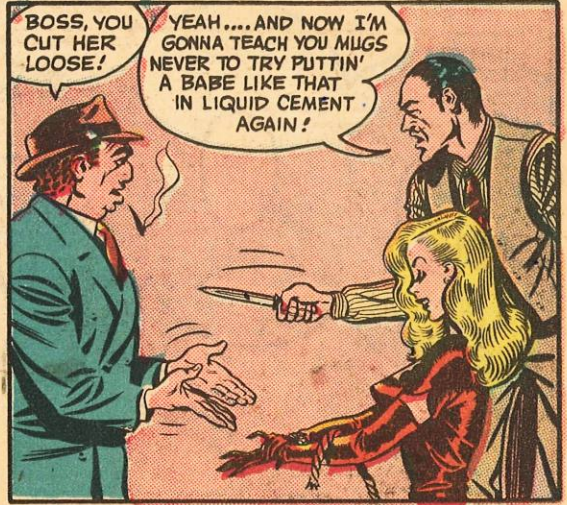
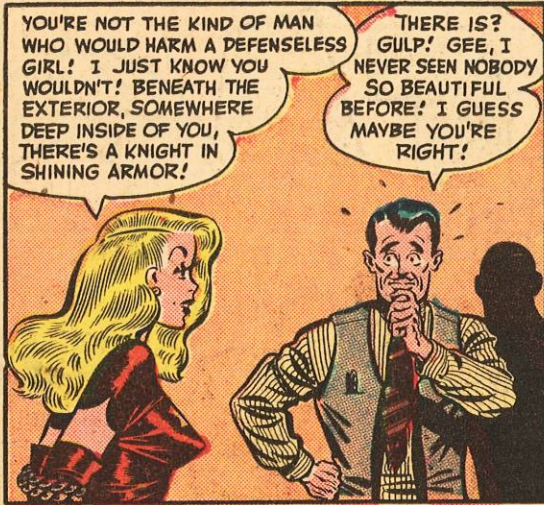
WELL, I ONCE SAW THOSE TWO GANGSTERS WHEN MY BOY FRIEND AND I WENT SLUMMING IN A WATER-FRONT DIVE! THEY MUST HAVE HEARD ME TALKING ABOUT THE FORMULA! I NEVER COULD KEEP A SECRET, YOU KNOW!



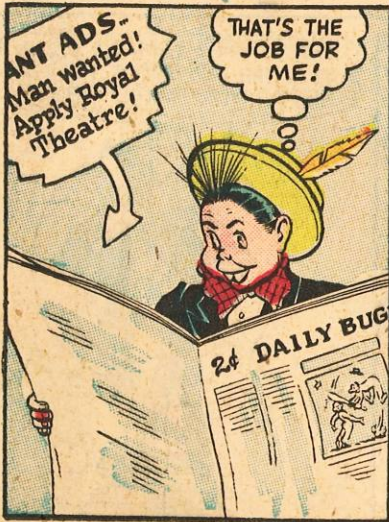
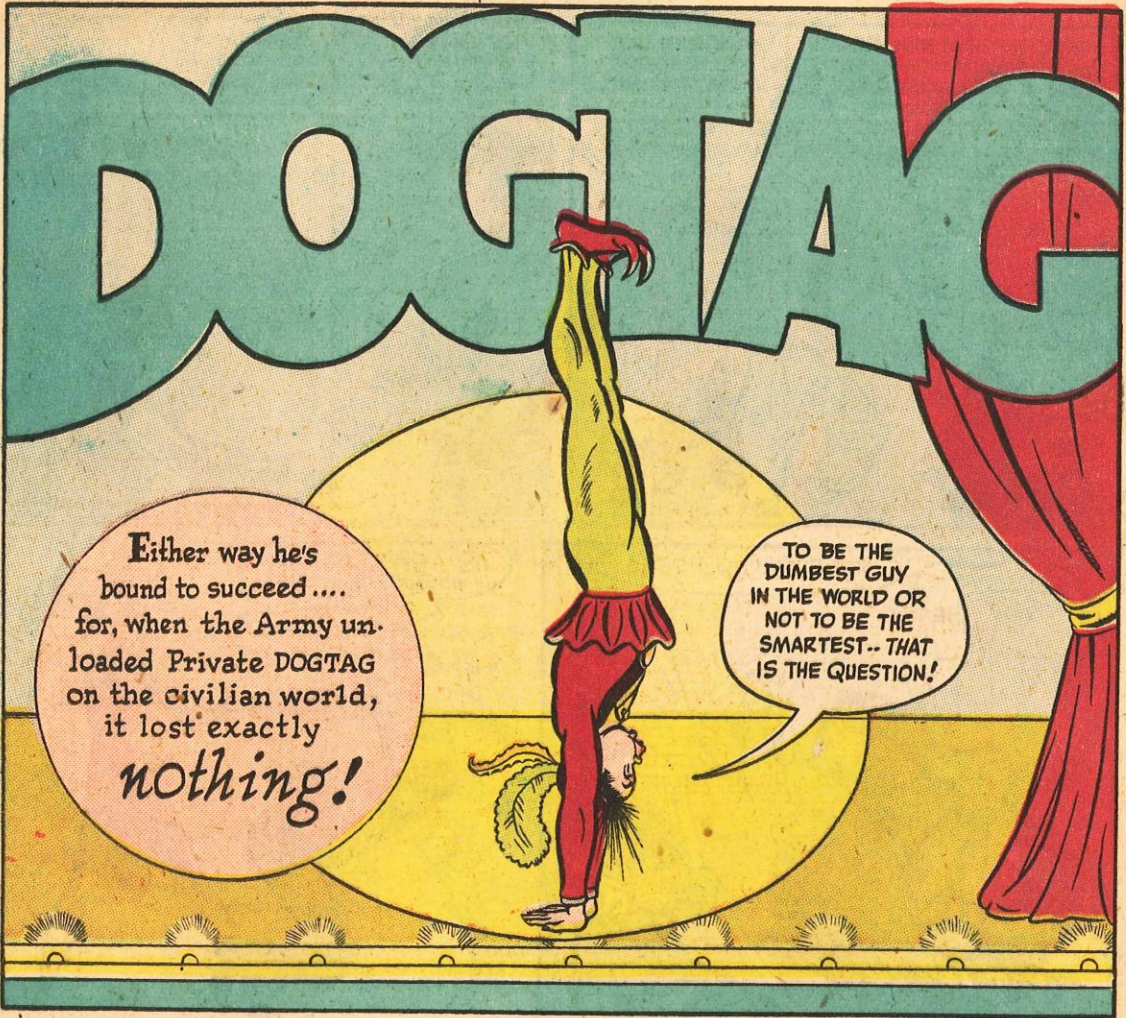




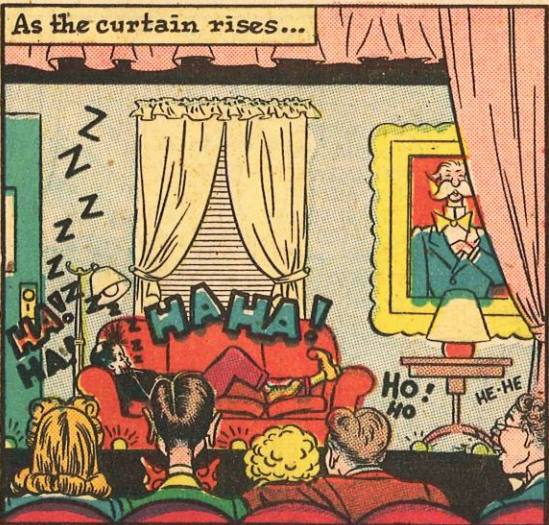
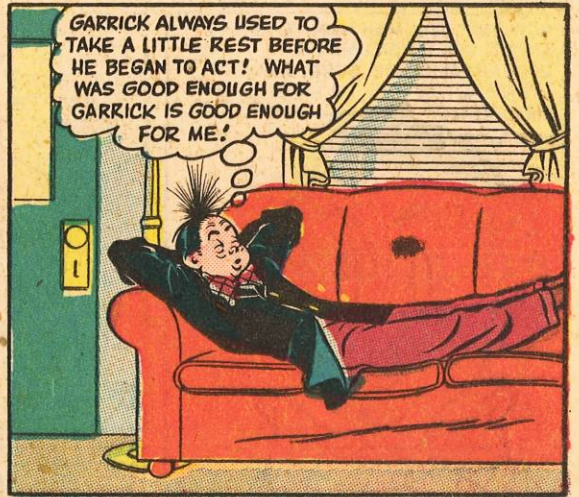
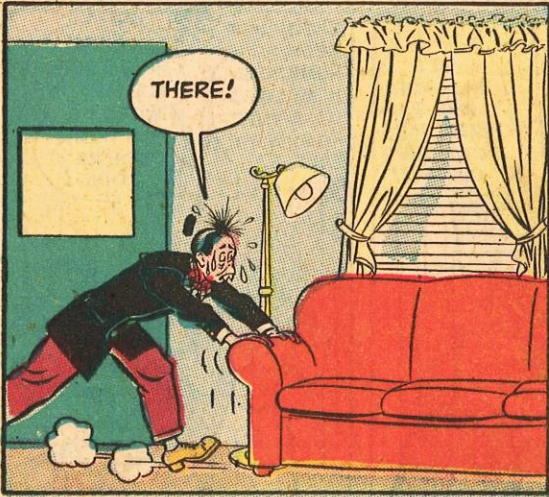




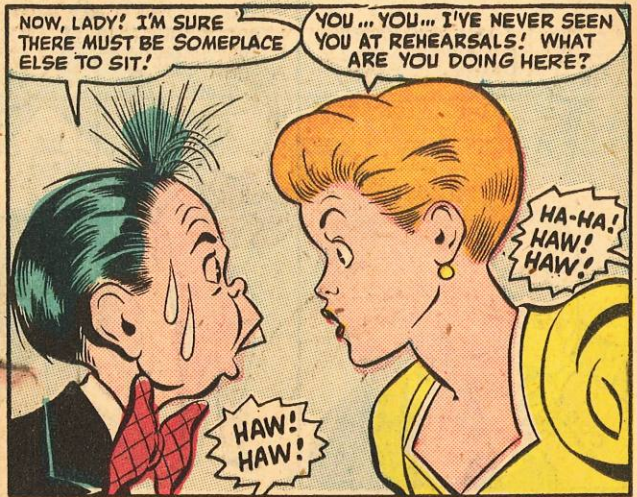
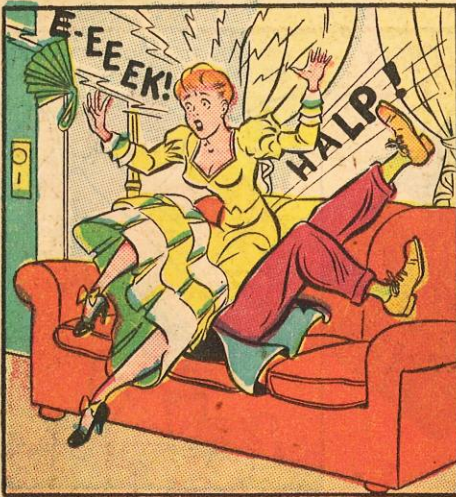




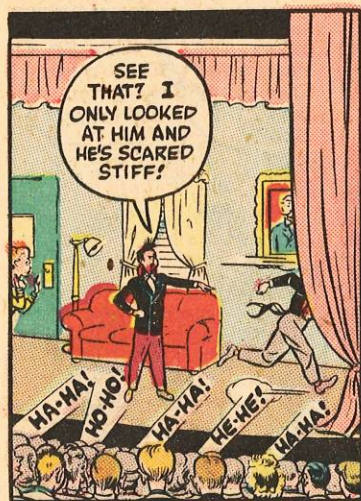
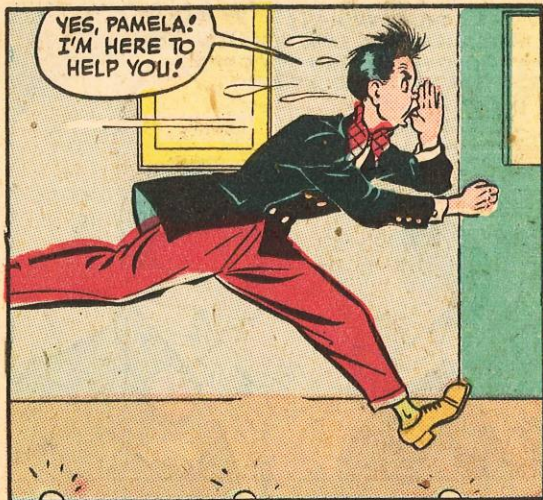




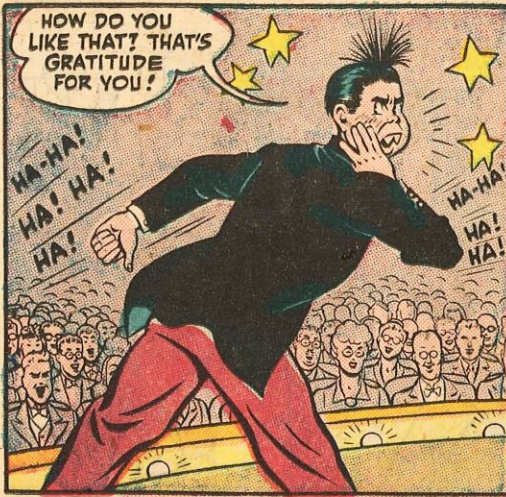




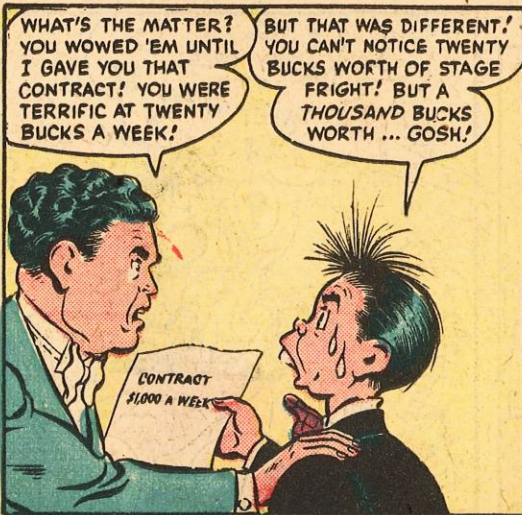
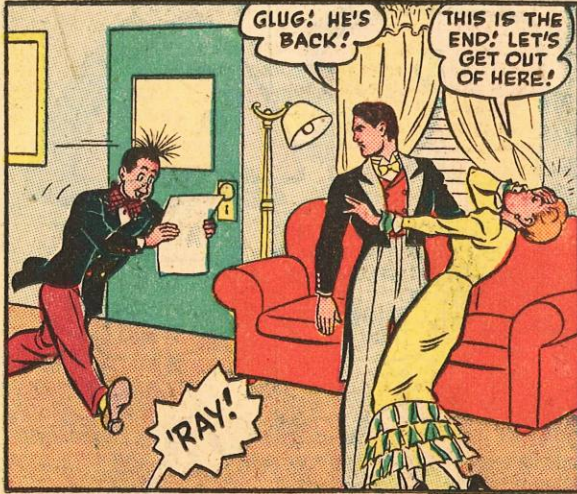






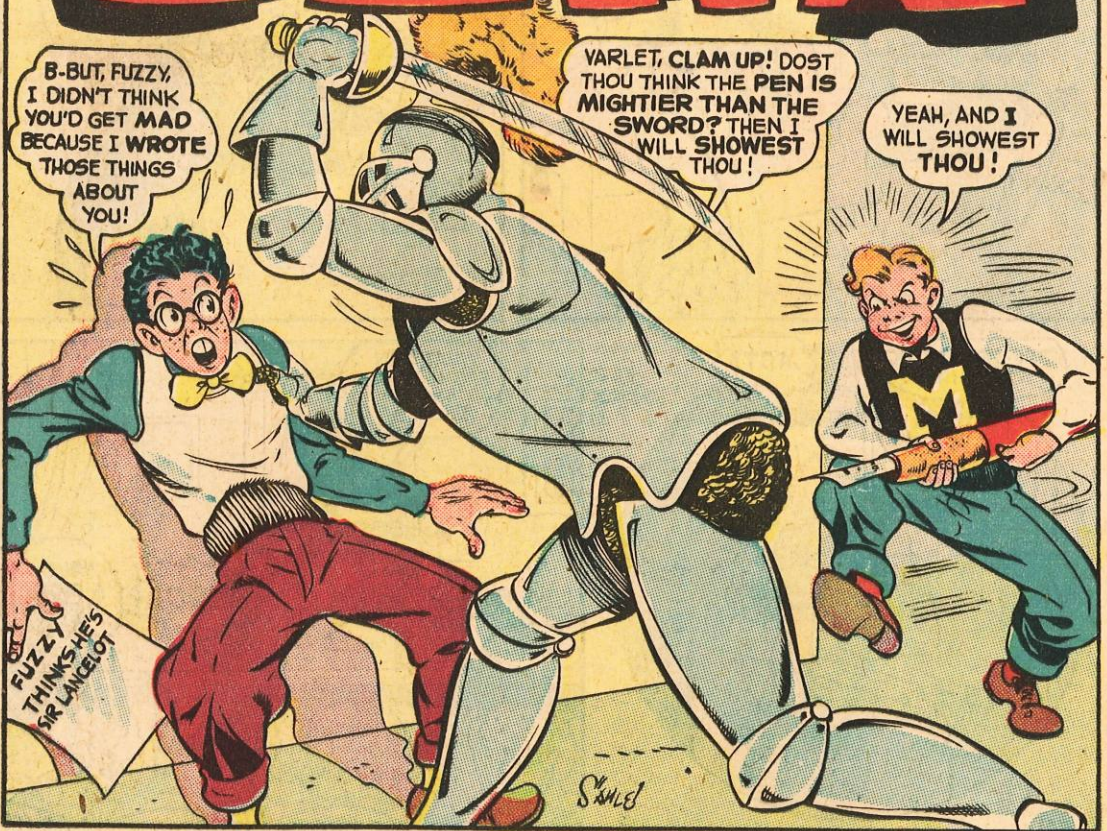




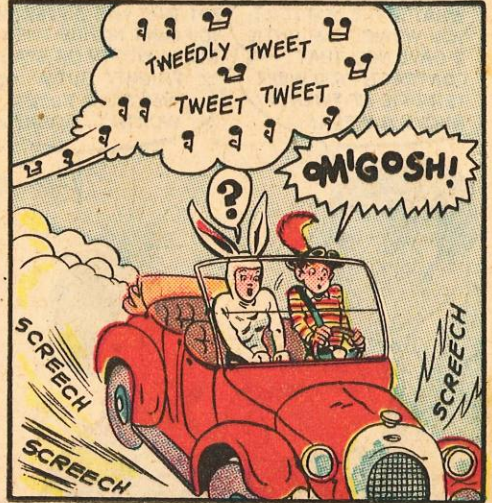




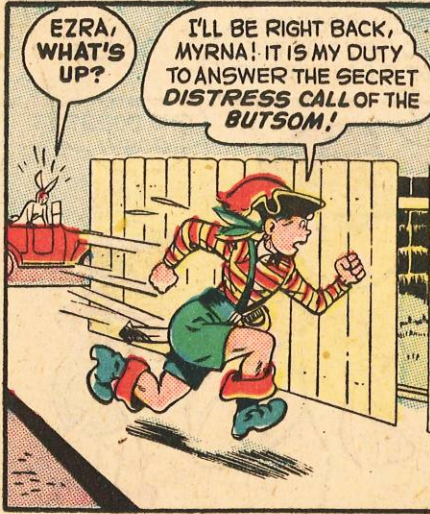
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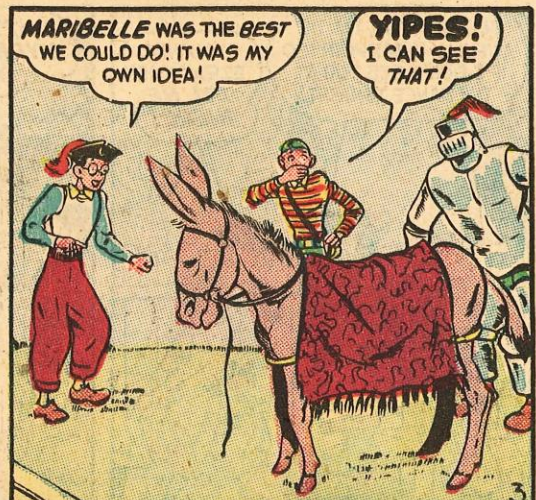
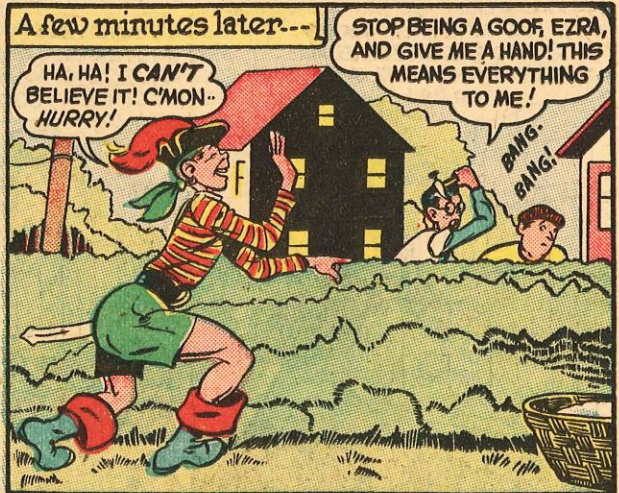
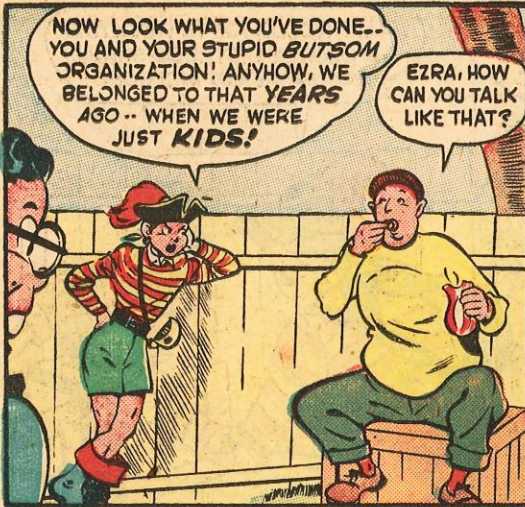
There's never a dull moment in Manerville-----



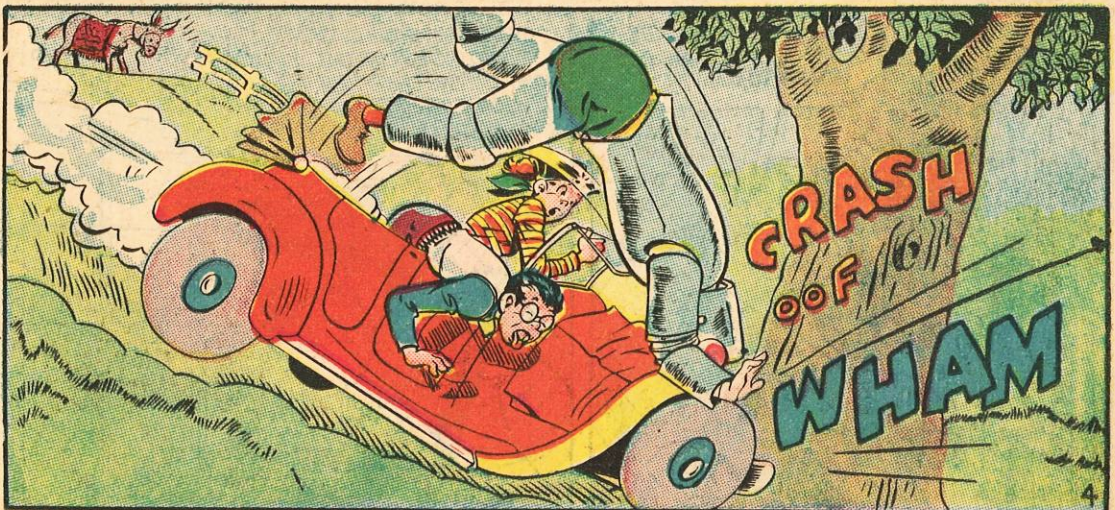
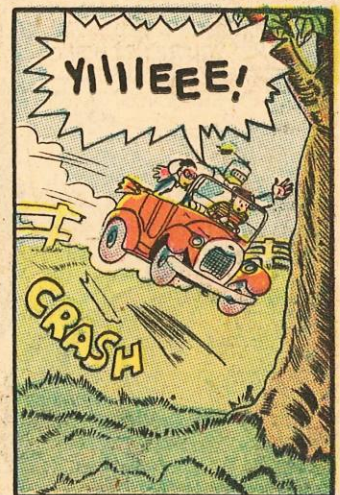
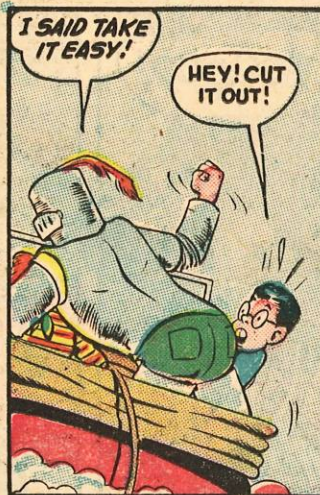
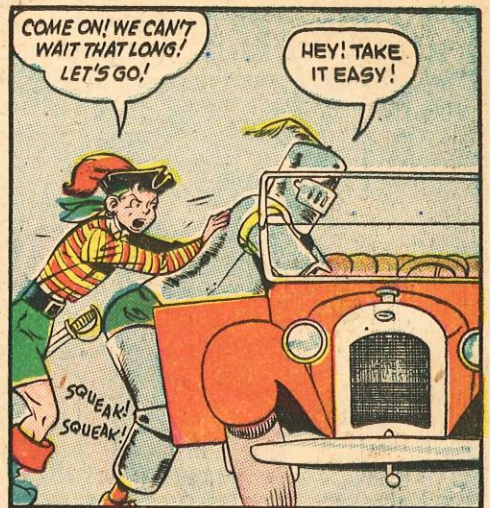
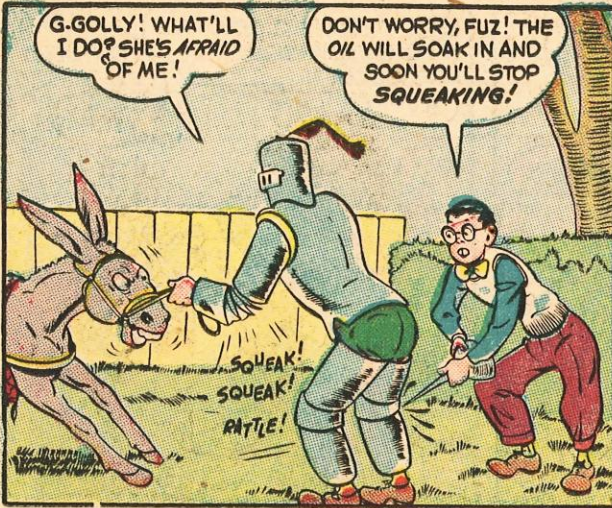




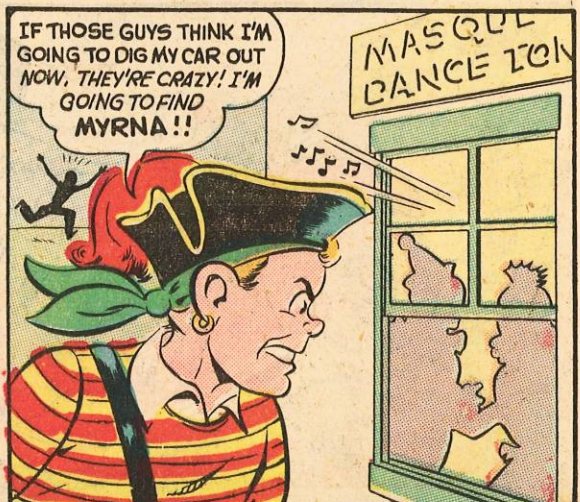
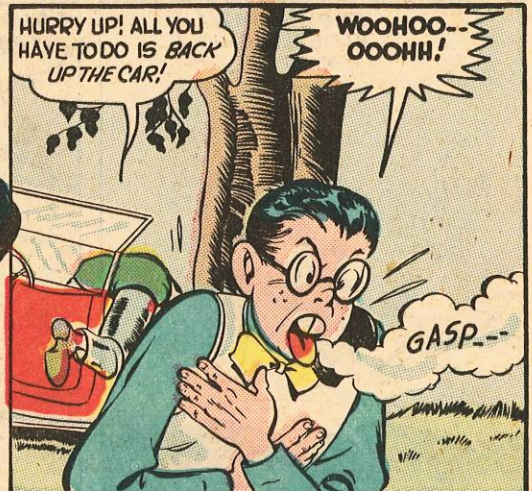
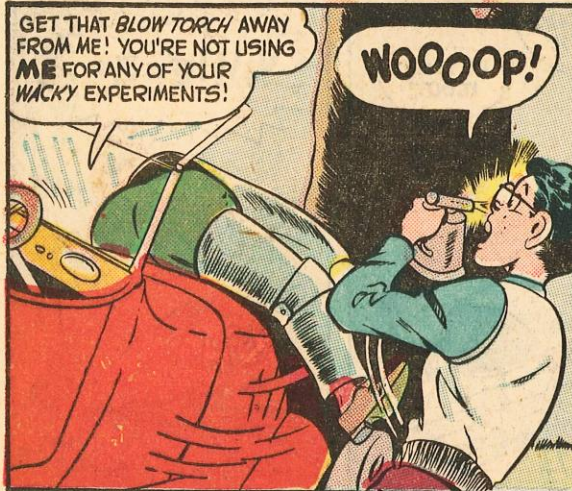
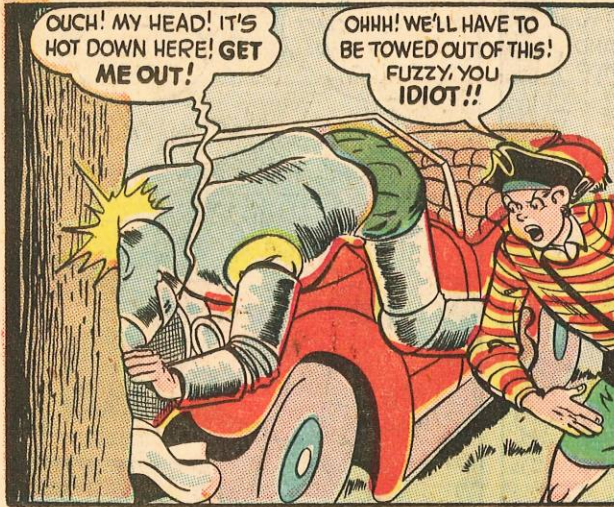




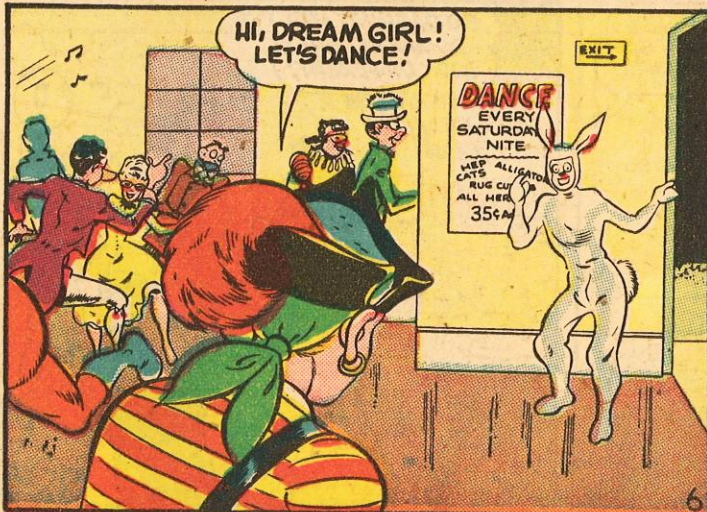
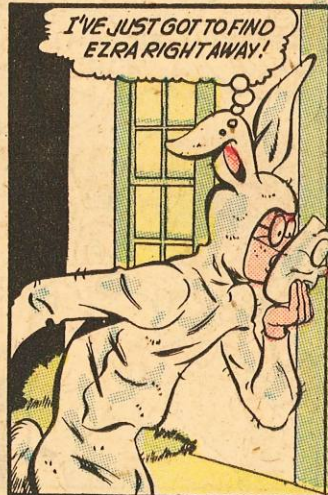




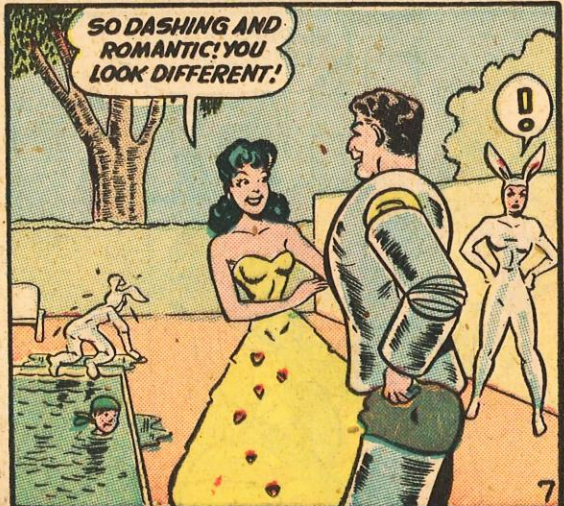
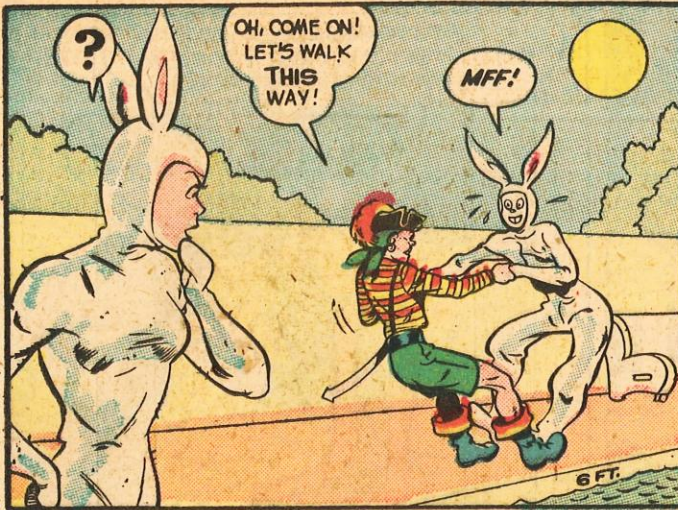




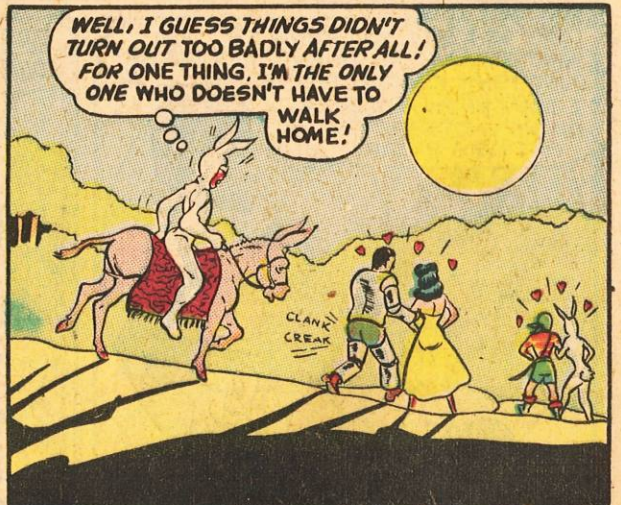






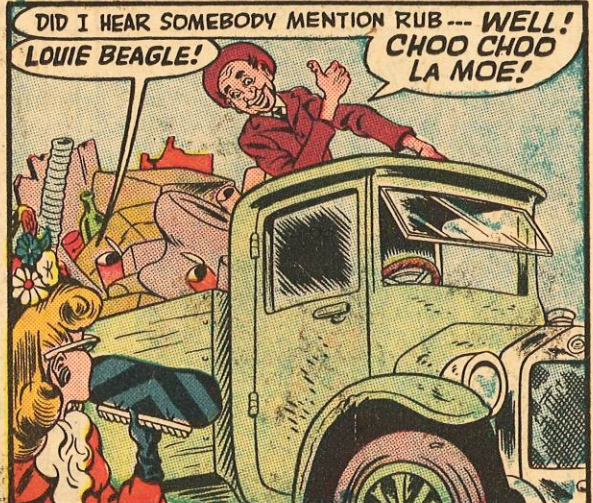




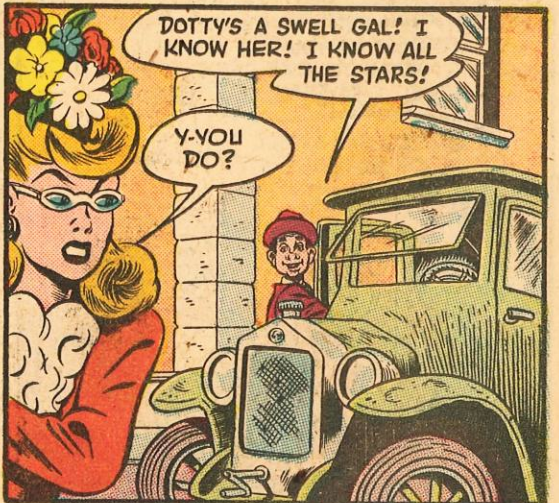
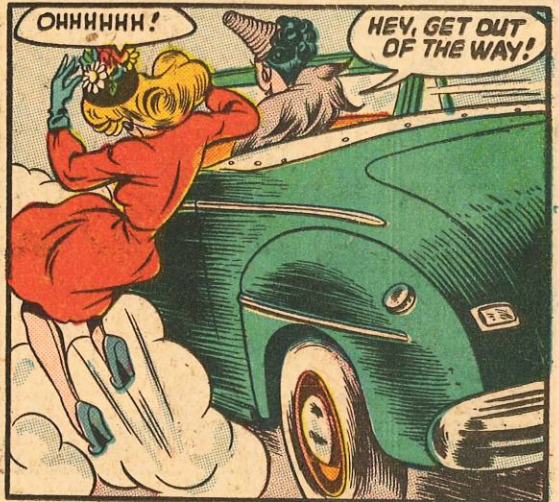




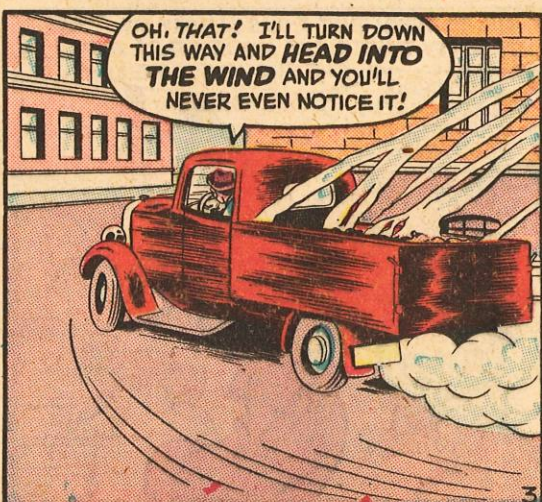
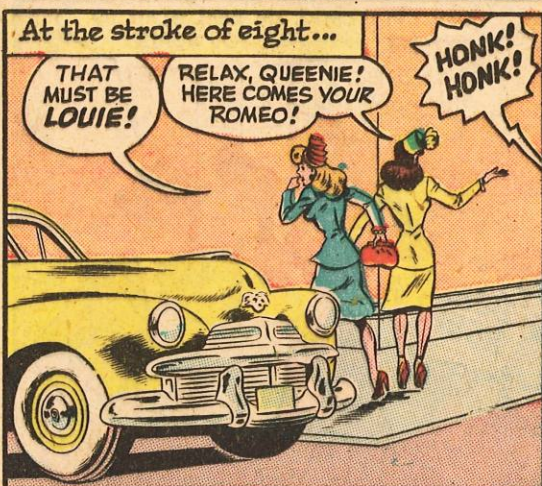
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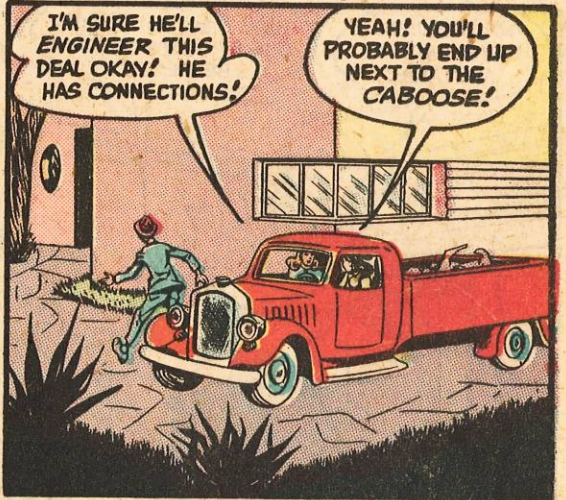
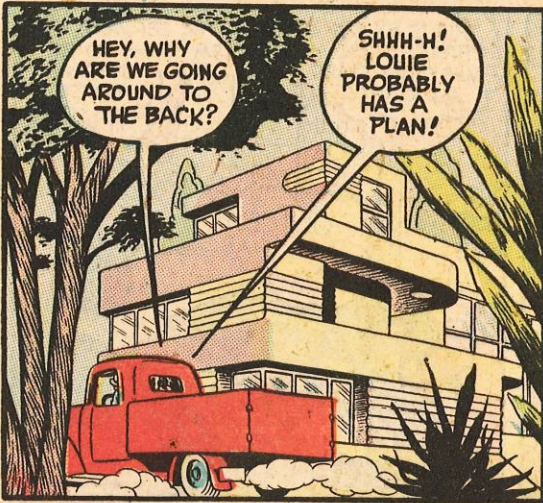
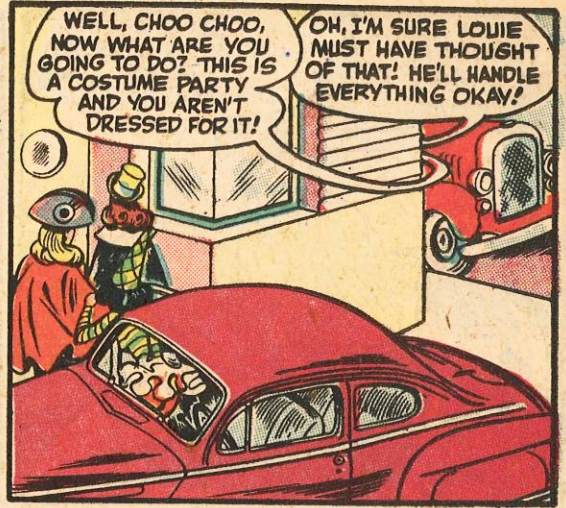
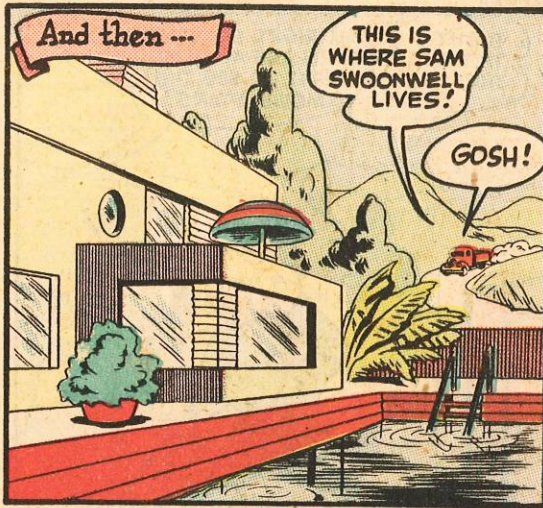




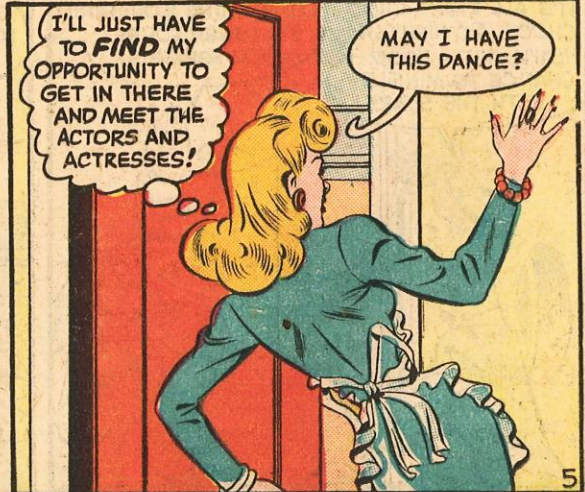
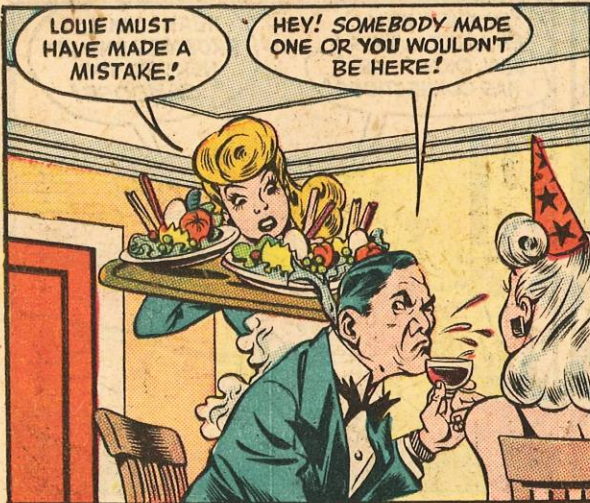
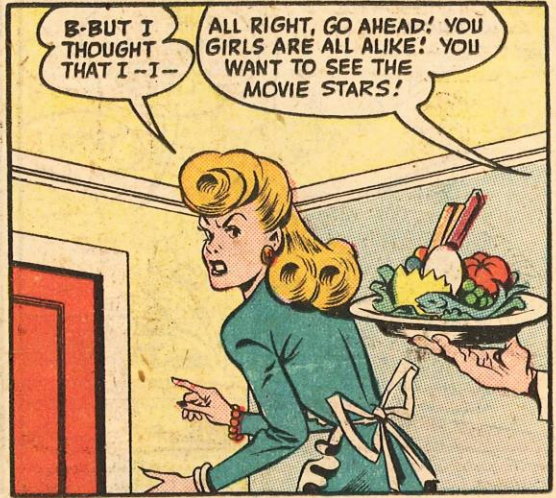




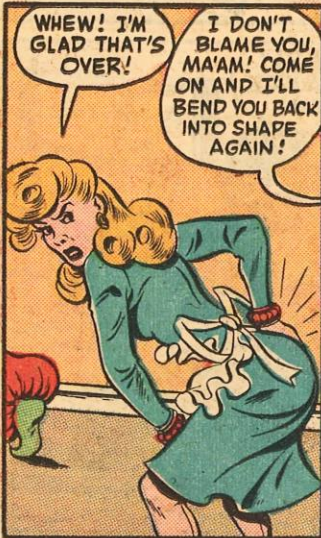
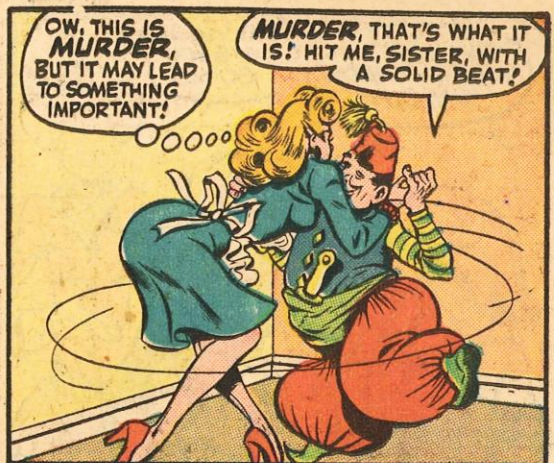




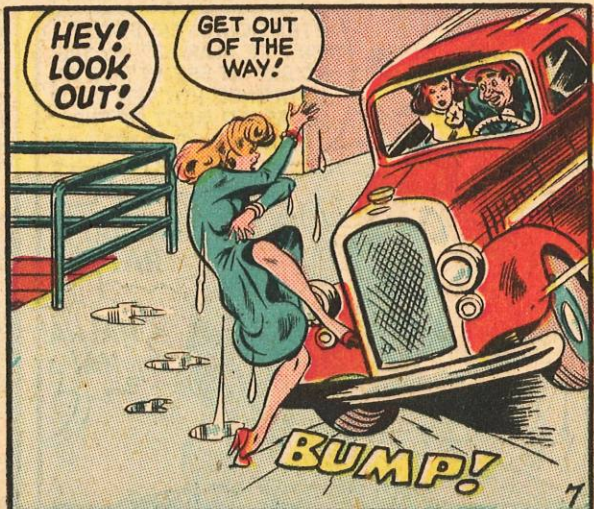
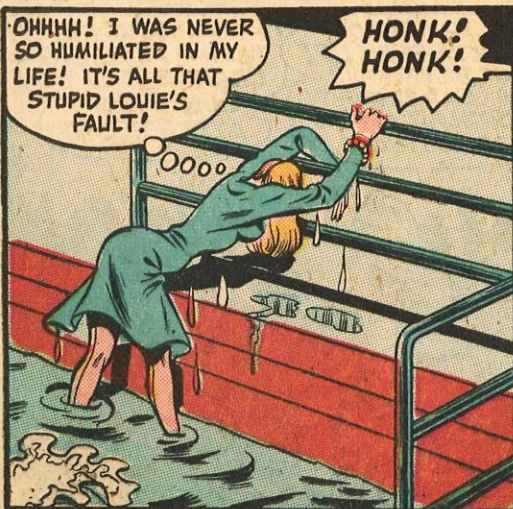
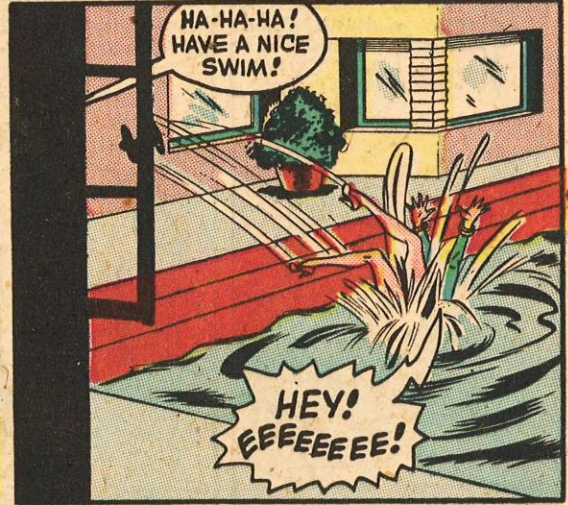
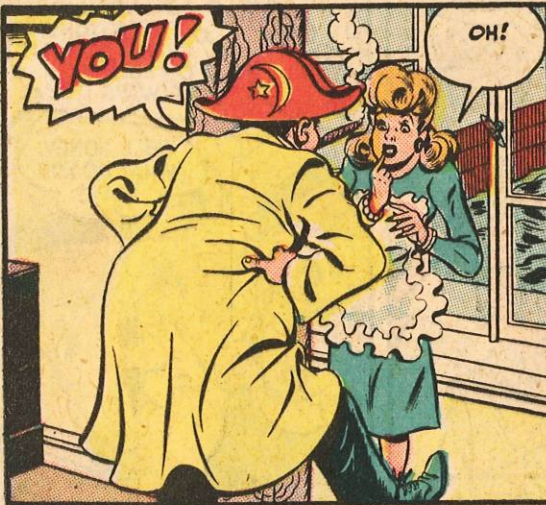




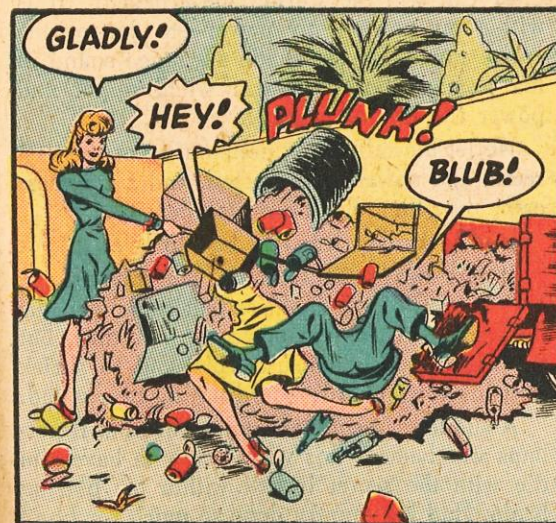














# THE ATOM

HE lay back on the thwart of the boat, his face blackened and grotesque from the blazing sun. His eyes were red festering wounds with their sight almost burned out.

He groaned as he tried to move, to ease his parched, emaciated body. This was it, he knew. This was the end of everything. Shark food!

What was it—ten—fifteen days since the yacht had sunk in a flaming, roaring inferno, blasted by a hidden mine. He wondered vaguely what had become of the others—there had been nineteen on board. The ship had gone down soon after the shattering blast. He remembered the others putting off in rafts and boats, but it had been dark.

And then the endless days of drifting on the flat, yellow sea. The water had lasted six days, the food two. Then there had been nothing. Nothing but the sea and sun and the slow drifting.

He turned his head painfully when he heard a fish leap out of the water. Even a raw fish would be a feast.

He had fought the almost overpowering desire to gulp sea water, fought it and won. Only to lose anyway. For now he was too weak to lift his hands. He knew that madness lay near—the stark, ugly madness of a man starving and dying of thirst.

The sun, a blazing blowtorch against his swollen face, didn't hurt now. His eyes wouldn't close, but then he could see practically nothing.

At first it had been insufferably hot and he'd peeled off his clothes. But it had been hot only during the day; at night he had almost frozen. His body was a horrible thing, with gaping raw sores where the skin had cracked and salt water had irritated the abrasions. The least move, and he would cry out at the torture. Only the cry was a croak.

Water! The burning agony of thirst had crazed him the first few days after the supply had given out. There was less feeling now.

And perhaps this was because madness and death were so close.

Death! When he wanted life so much. But no. He couldn't die. He wouldn't! He must not die! His country needed him. Hadn't he obtained that which all the world was searching for?

The secret. The greatest secret of the age. Atomic power! And he had the secret right here with him—locked within the burning layers of his brain. Ah, no, he hadn't trusted anything to writing. Months ago, he had learned that which he sought. In those months he had studied, firmly implanted himself into the good graces of those mighty wizards of the secret laboratories.

And then came the day. The great day. He had at last been allowed to leave the closely guarded citadel which held the mighty, the stupendous secret. And he had come away with the thing all worked out and catalogued in his head. The secret! The secret the whole world had raced to get.

He chuckled, making a croaking sound, as he thought of the might his nation would now have—all because of him and his cleverness. All because of him!

"I can win the world," he croaked. "It is within my power—my power—to destroy the entire world. Or (he made a strange sound in his parched throat) I can wield might and power for eternal peace!"

He let himself think, deliciously, of the vast secret and power he possessed, and a calmness came over him, cloying in its intensity.

But he had to live. He had to live!

It was nearly sunset now. He shivered, in anticipation of the coolness that came with the darkness. He tried to move, to half turn, but the agonizing pain caused his soul to shriek out; his vocal chords would not make a sound.

A sudden icy coldness stole over him. It perhaps was better—this way. Better to have him die with the secret locked within his blazing brain. Had his country done so much for him?



Had he ever received the plaudits he deserved, but which were given only to those with high-and-mighty stations in life?

An oath gurgled in his throat. Why didn't everything end now? Why must he lie here, locked in the burning embrace of certain death? Why must he suffer this torment? He had fought for his country. Fought hard and well.

The sun dipped low over the ocean's rim and instantly the first breath of breeze stirred. Tantalizing it was, its cool fingers caressing his blackened body. Soon it would be night, and cold.

An hour passed. Two. The cold wind came out of the west, ruffling the quiet water. Then the moon slid up, turning the sea into silver.

Strange, how acute his hearing had become. He heard the palms rustling on distant islands, thousands of miles away. He heard gulls screaming on shores that were remote. He heard men aboard great ships talking in low voices, discussing the possibility of a torpedo striking them. He heard the crew of a submarine just before they crash-dived, yelling in terrified voices. He heard them speak in many tongues, and he understood them all.

He listened attentively to two men, adrift on a raft. They were thirsty—dying of thirst. They were talking about the deliciousness of water. Water!

He shuddered, and a horrible nausea swept over him. He tried to get his face over the side of the boat, but lacked the strength. He reached, the act tearing his vitals loose, setting fire to his whole being.

He lay back, weak and panting, knowing with an ecstatic sense of relief, that death would come quickly.

The voices still came to his ears, whisperings in the night silence. And then the unmistakable drone of a plane shattered the stillness. Many planes!

They had come then. His comrades had not forgotten him. His country loved him after all. And why shouldn't they? Hadn't he done the impossible? Hadn't he striven, against terrible odds, to learn that which would make his nation the greatest power on earth?

He listened. Yes, the sounds were getting nearer, but still they were far enough away. But they would find him. They had to find him!

He wished he had a flare; yet he knew he was too weak to set it off.

But they'd get there soon. Yes, they'd get there. Undoubtedly the flares set off on deck just as the yacht had struck had been seen, and the fliers knew approximately where to look.

He gave himself over to dreams. Yes, he would be great in his country now. No one would be greater. He was their saviour. Saviour of the world. Better, monarch of the world! What was to hinder him from giving only a partly complete report? What was to hinder him from going to some island, setting up a laboratory and suddenly wiping out all civilizations? He could be king of the universe!

Yes, yes, that's what he'd do. He'd just give them a little of the secret information—enough to start the scientists working. It was doubtful if they'd stumble upon the inner secret that made this tremendous secret vital and real—and devastating.

It was growing increasingly colder and he shook with the grasp of the night wind. But he grew warm instantly as he considered his vast power. Soon he'd go flying back to his own land in comfort. Then before the world knew what was upon them, he'd release his terrible might.

The planes' roaring was now a violent thunder off to the east and slightly north. They were coming! They were coming! He was ready for them!

Closer, closer they came. It seemed to the waiting man in the boat that all the planes in the world were in that fleet. The roar made the boat vibrate, seemed to lay a blanket of quieting power over the waves.

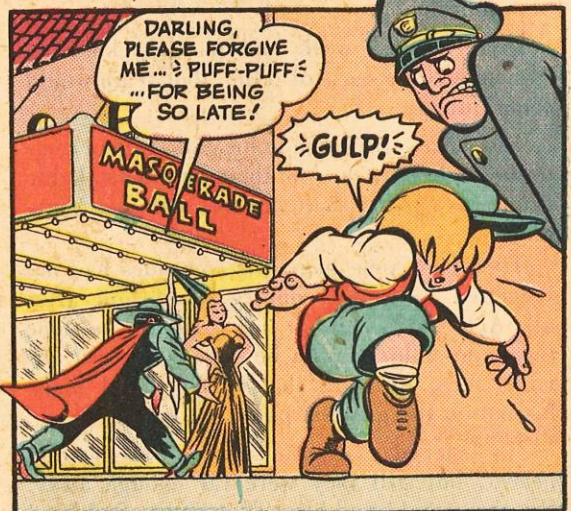
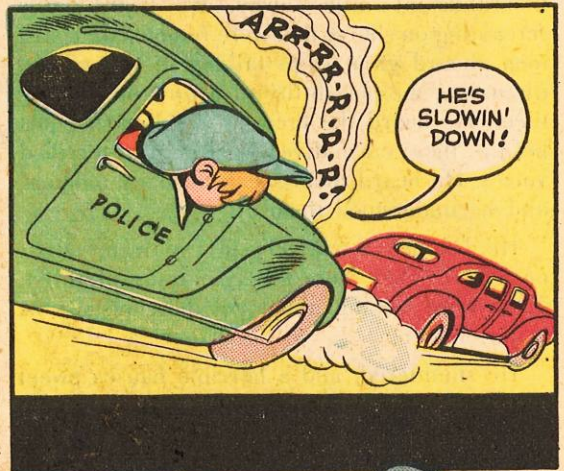
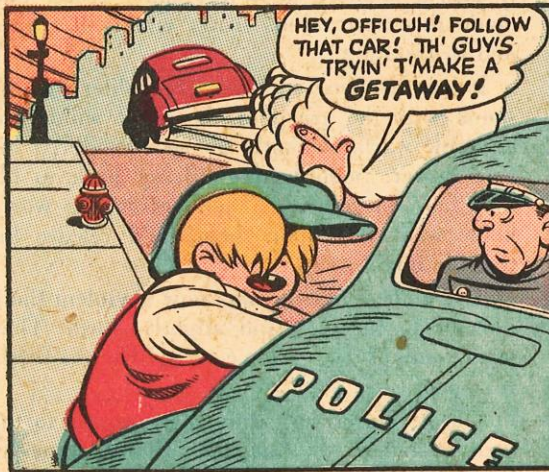
Now they were directly overhead. Soon they would throw out flares, turn on brilliant searchlights, and sweep the waters. He'd be spotted.

And then, a violent, ear-paralyzing, eye-blinding, world-shaking explosion erupted overhead. The ocean turned over and the bottom, hundreds of feet down, was exposed, and the creatures of the deep were blasted far into the skies. The very atmosphere collapsed for miles around, and there was nothing—nothing but a solid dome of energy.

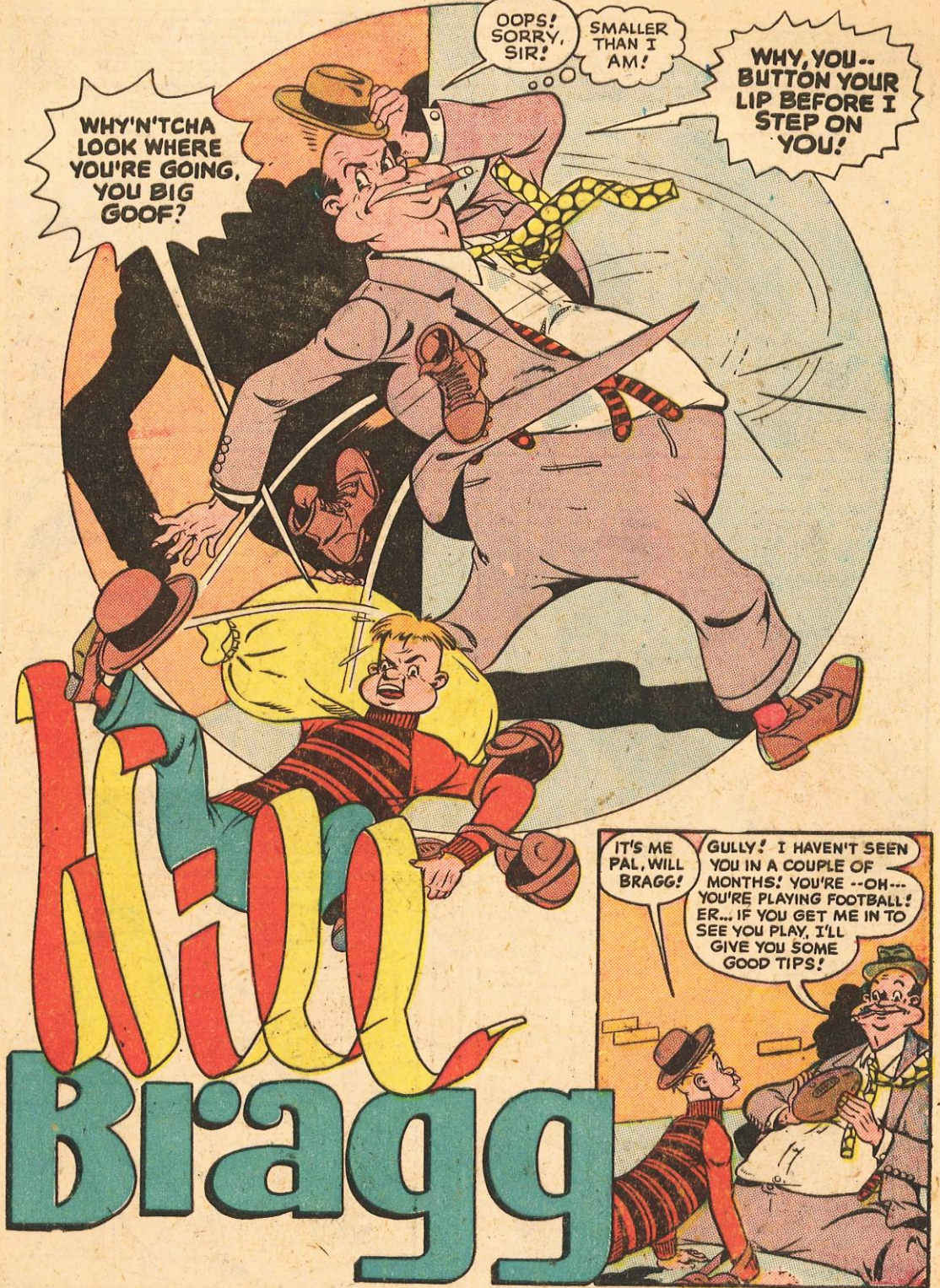
"Well, there she goes," said the pilot of the B-29 to his co-pilot. "There's our little atomic bomb on Bikini. Bet nothing's left of the atoll, or the battleship targets!"



# POODLE McDODDLE









AHEM! SPLINTER-BRITCHES BRAGG, THEY USED TO CALL ME! ♪ BLUB ♪ ... ER ... BECAUSE THE COACH WAS ALWAYS SAVING ME FOR A REAL TIGHT SPOT!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU PLAYED FOOTBALL!



WHY, GULLY, I'M KNOWN AS THE FASTEST MAN WITH A BUCKET ... ER ... PIGSKIN ... EVER TO HIT THE GRIDIRON.

NO KIDDING? BOY, WHAT A BREAK!

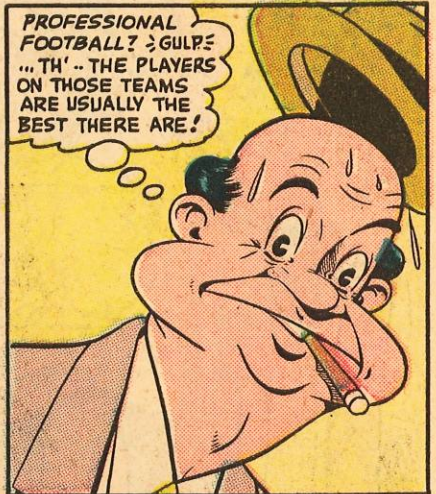


I SHOULD SAY SO! ER ... NOW, HOW ABOUT YOUR GETTING IN TO SEE THE GAMES ... IN RETURN FOR SOME GOOD POINTERS?

SEE 'EM? YOU'RE GONNA PLAY! I JUST STARTED A PRO TEAM HERE AND I NEED A GOOD MAN! THE TEAM WE'RE PLAYING IS PRETTY HOT!

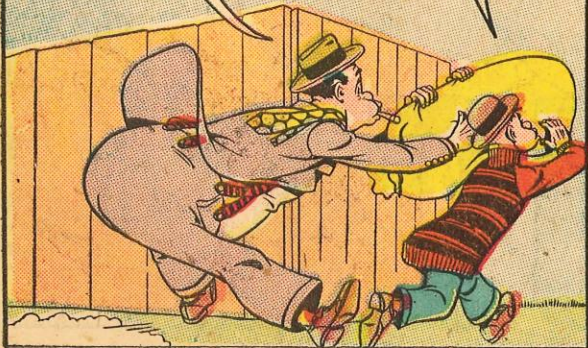


PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL? ♪ GULP ♪ ... TH' ... THE PLAYERS ON THOSE TEAMS ARE USUALLY THE BEST THERE ARE!



ER ... B-BUT, GULLY, I'M REALLY NOT IN CONDITION ... MAYBE NOT EVEN FOR COACHING!

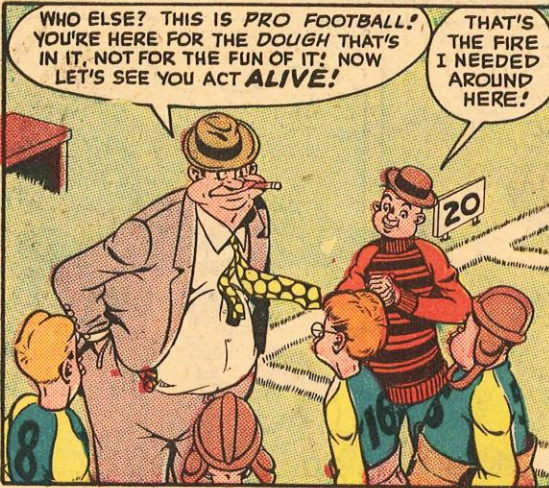
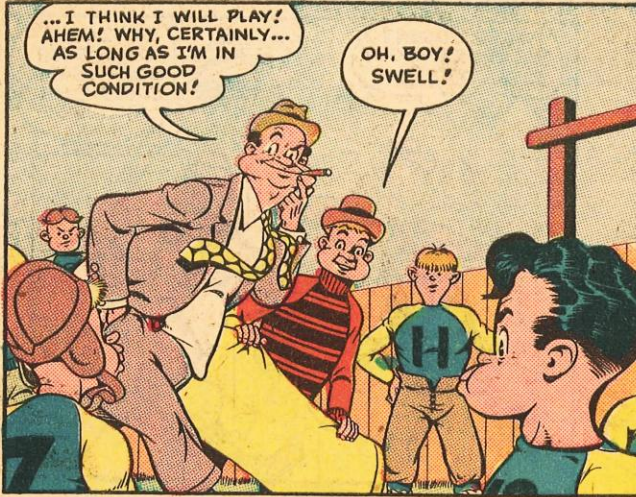
NIX! I NEED A COLORFUL PLAYER TO PEP UP THE GAME, AND YOU'RE IT!



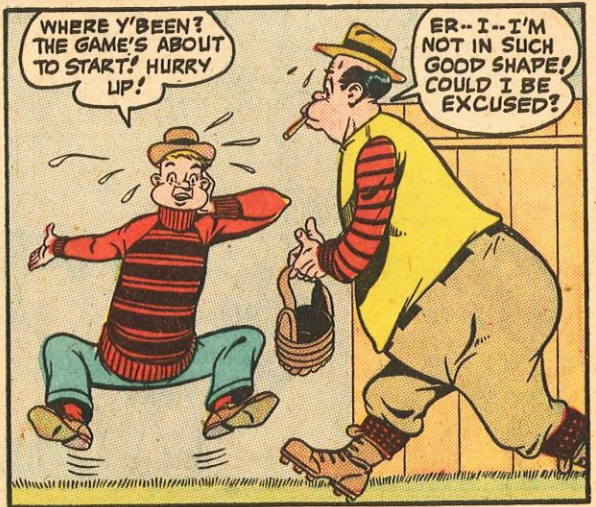
YOU DON'T CATCH ME PLAYING WITH --- HUH? AH.F.M -- ER -- ON SECOND THOUGHT ---



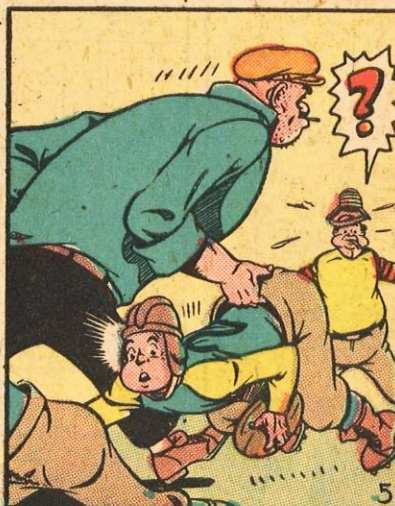
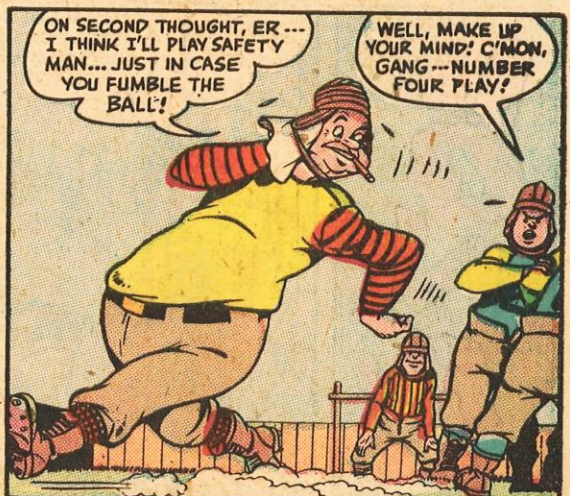
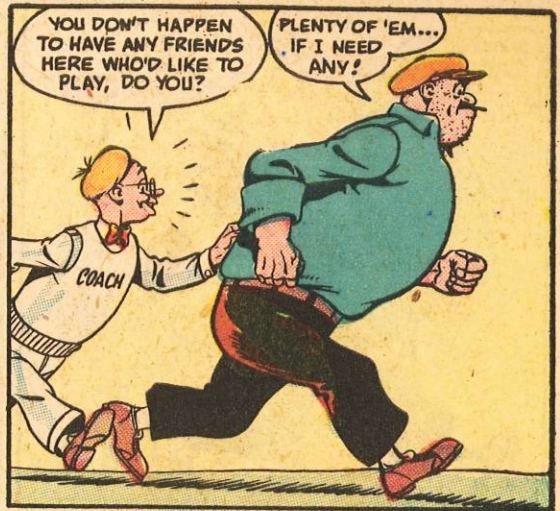
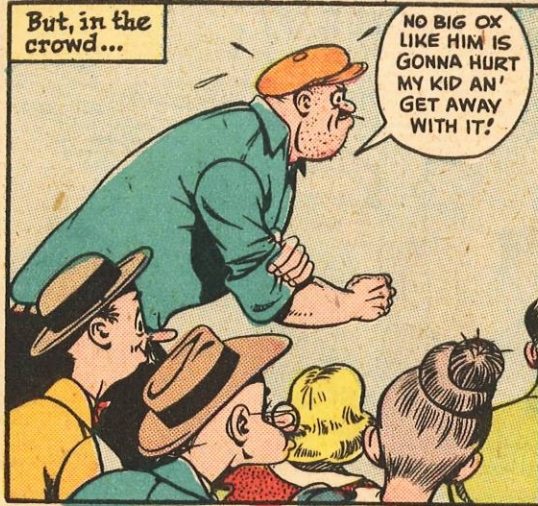




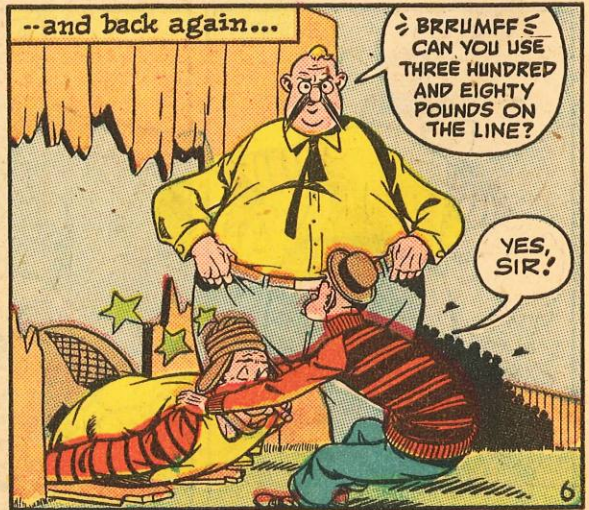
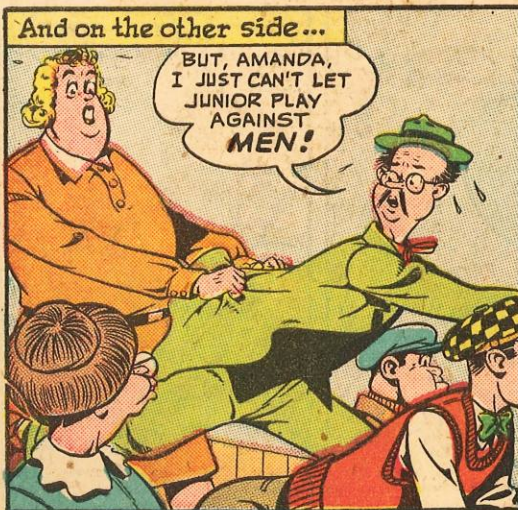
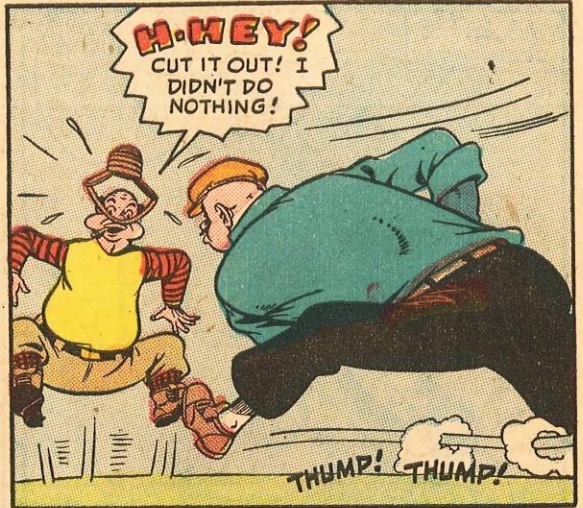
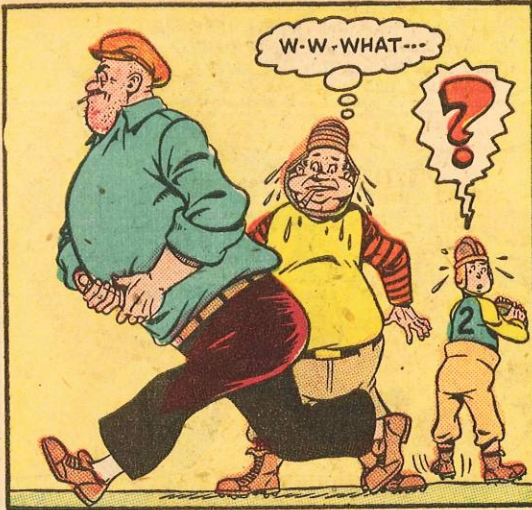




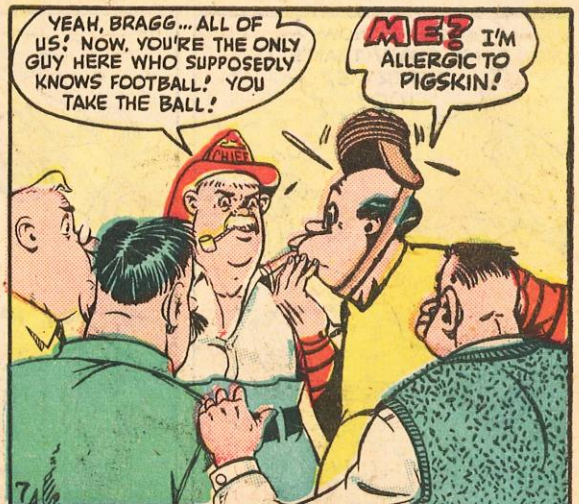
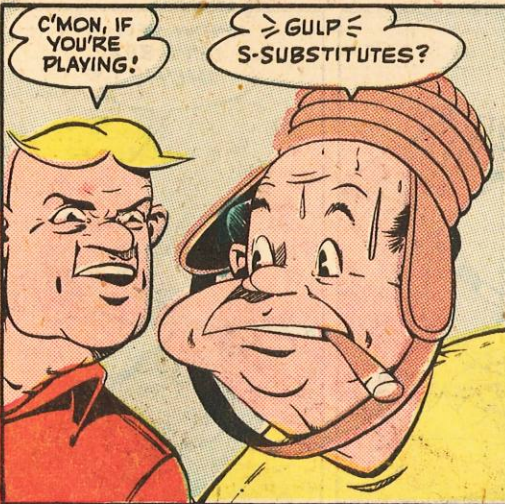
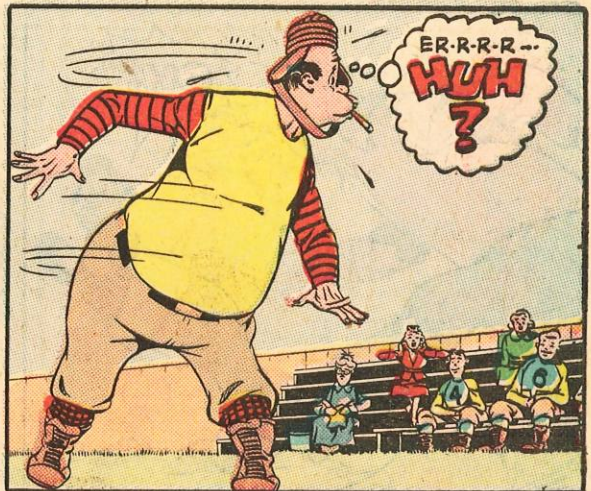
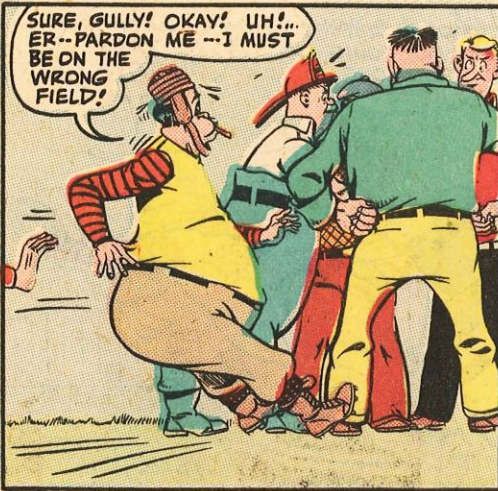
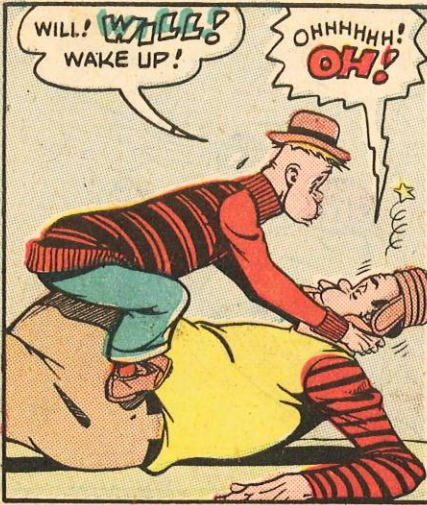




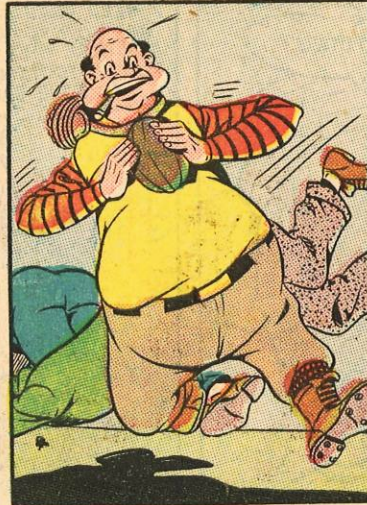
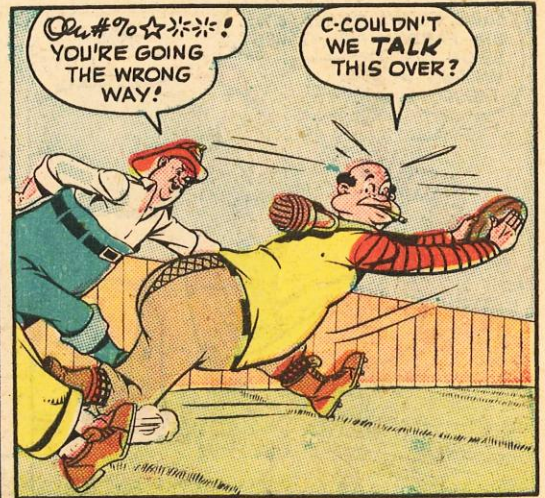
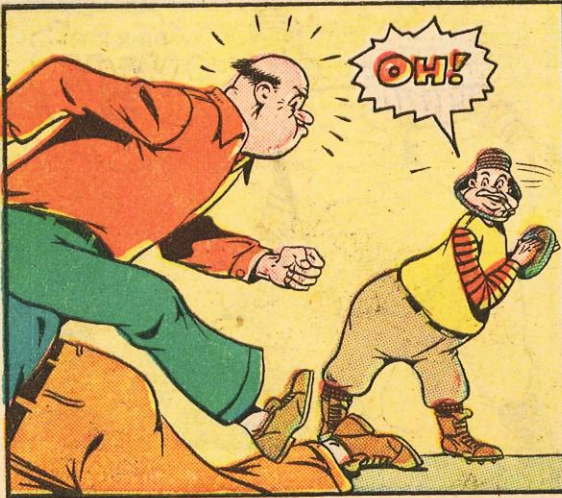




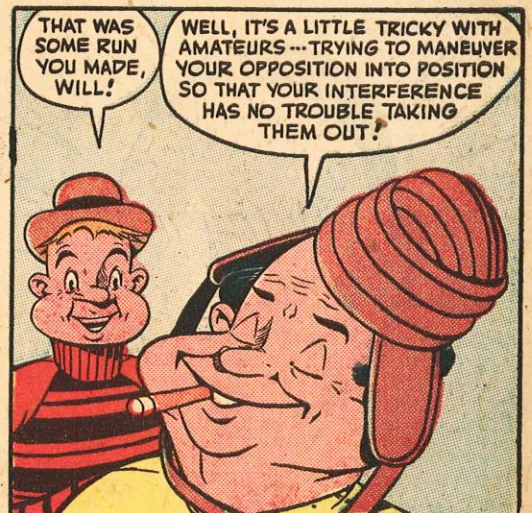
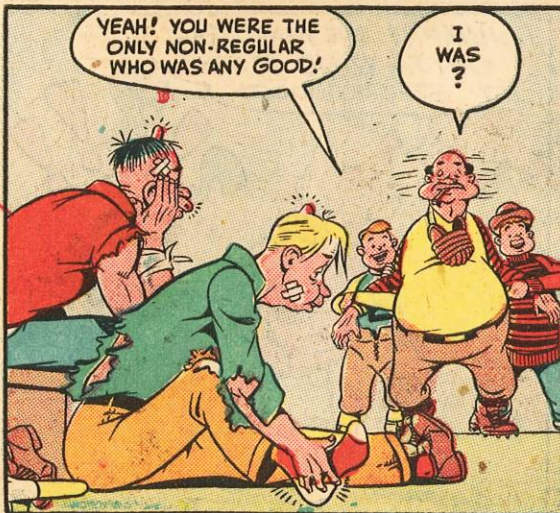
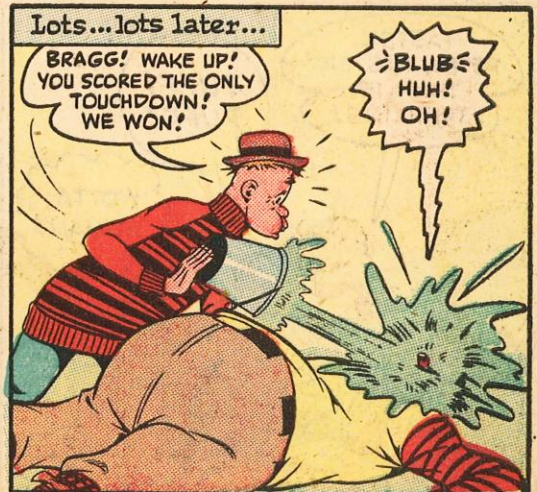






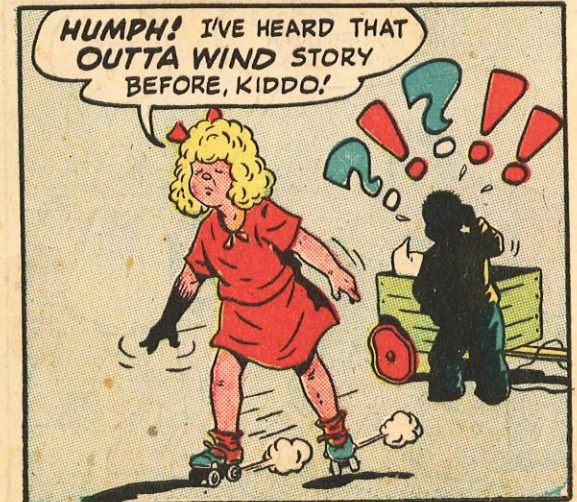
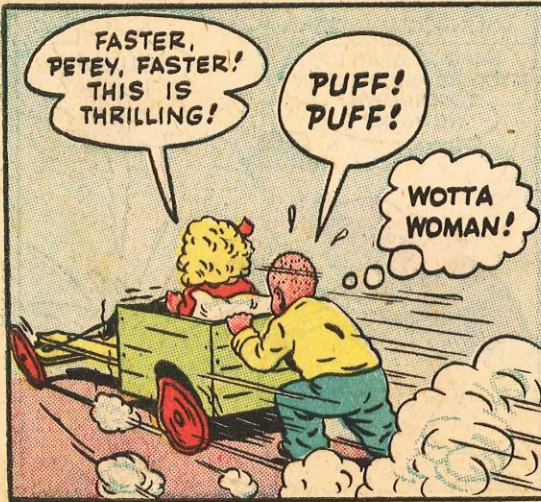
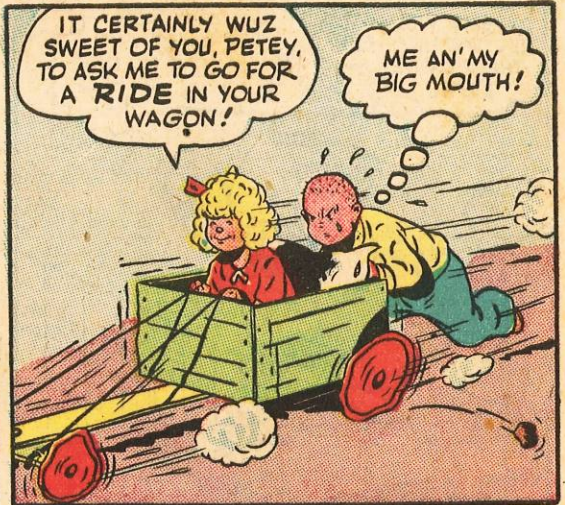
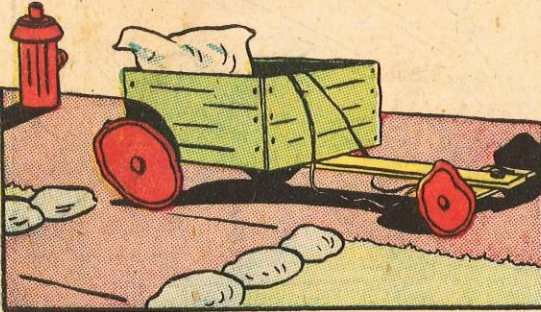








# PRUDENCE

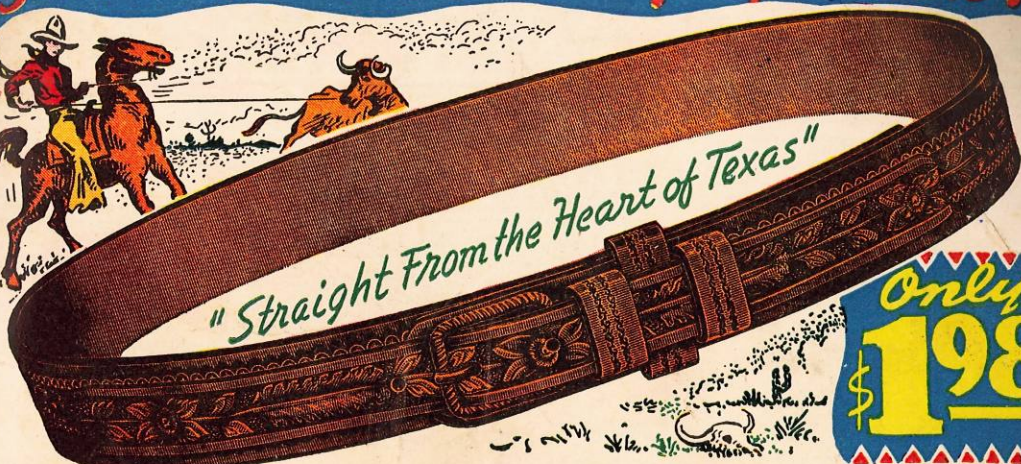




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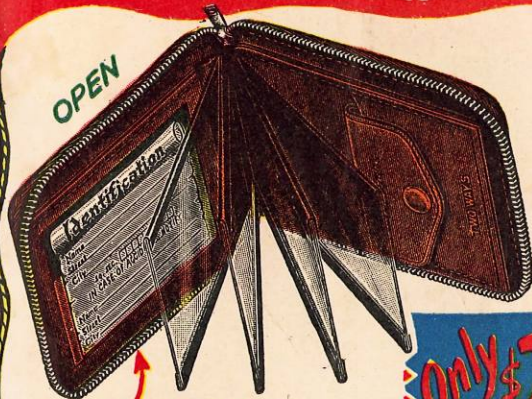
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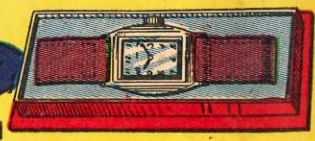


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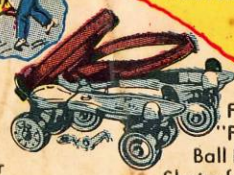
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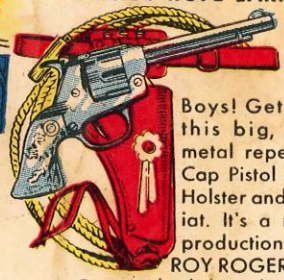
Has serrated edge, bottle opener. Sell one order.



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